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Volume CCLVII. No. 3342 LONDON, June 20, 1964

THE SPHERE

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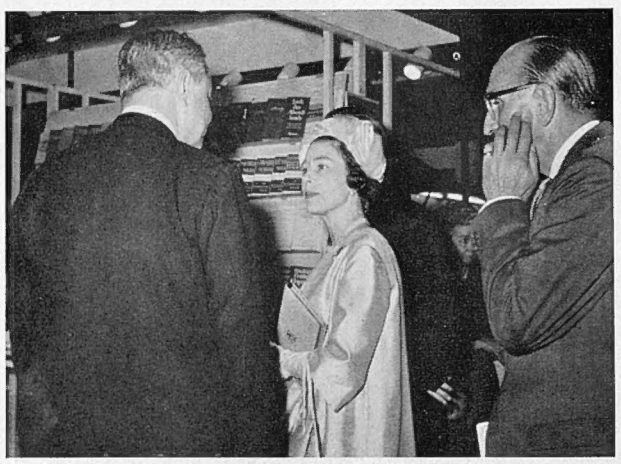
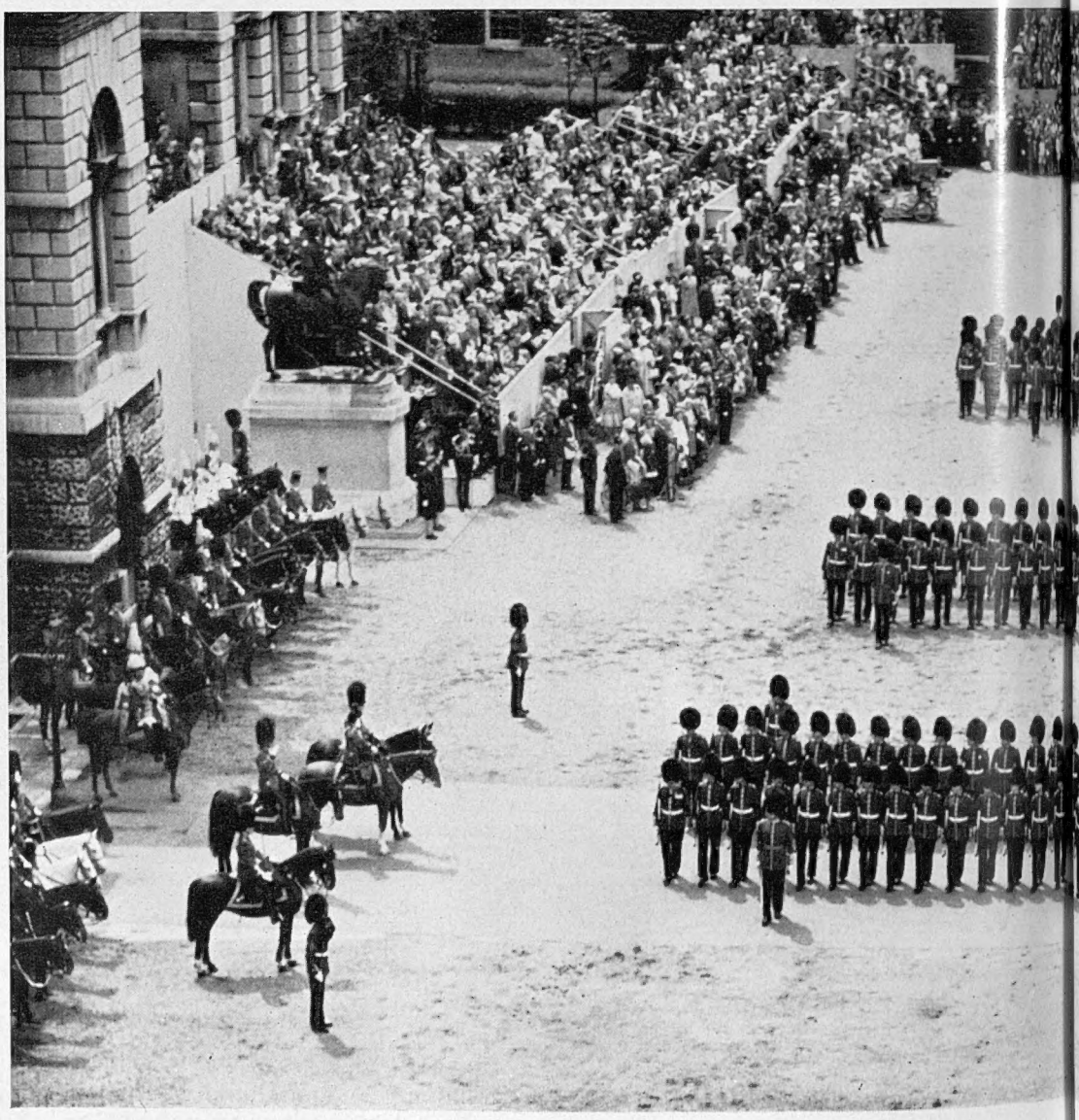
The Queen Mother meets the Pearly King and Queen of South London, Mr and Mrs Tinsley, at the re-consecration of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the City of London. The Wren church was almost entirely destroyed by wartime bombing

QUEENS MEET IN LONDON

A ROYAL WEEK

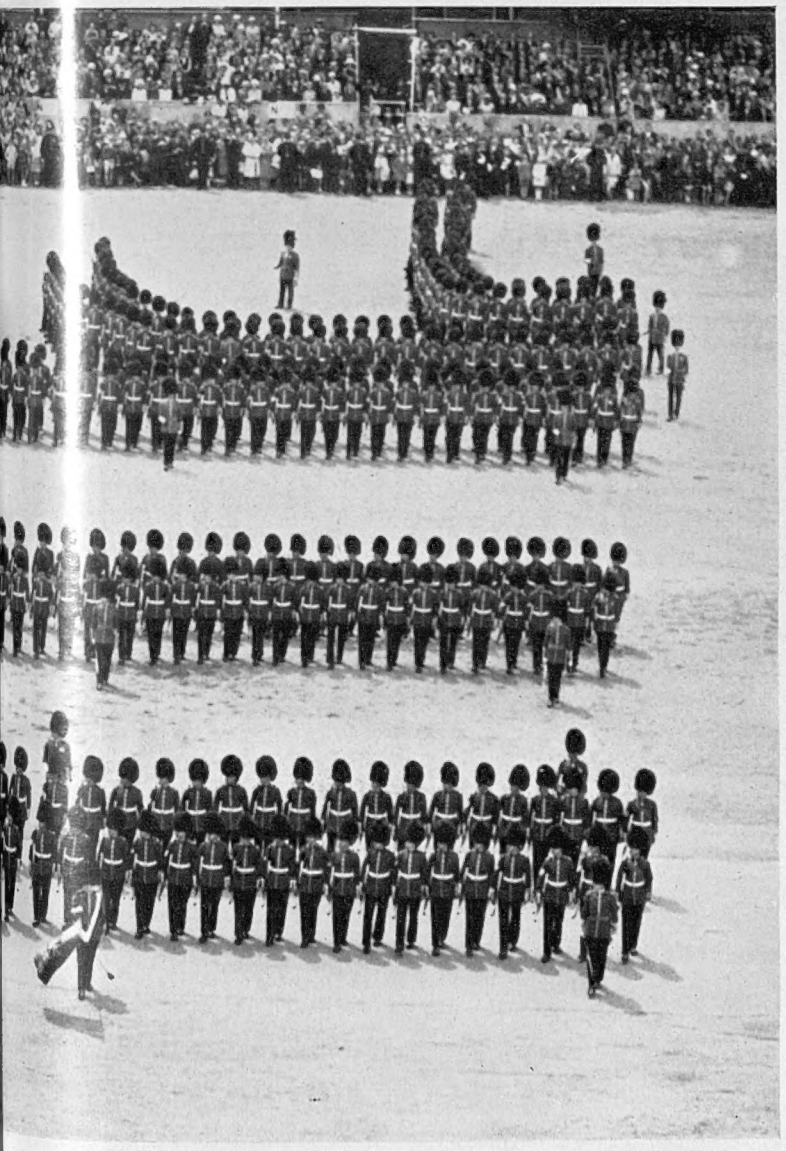


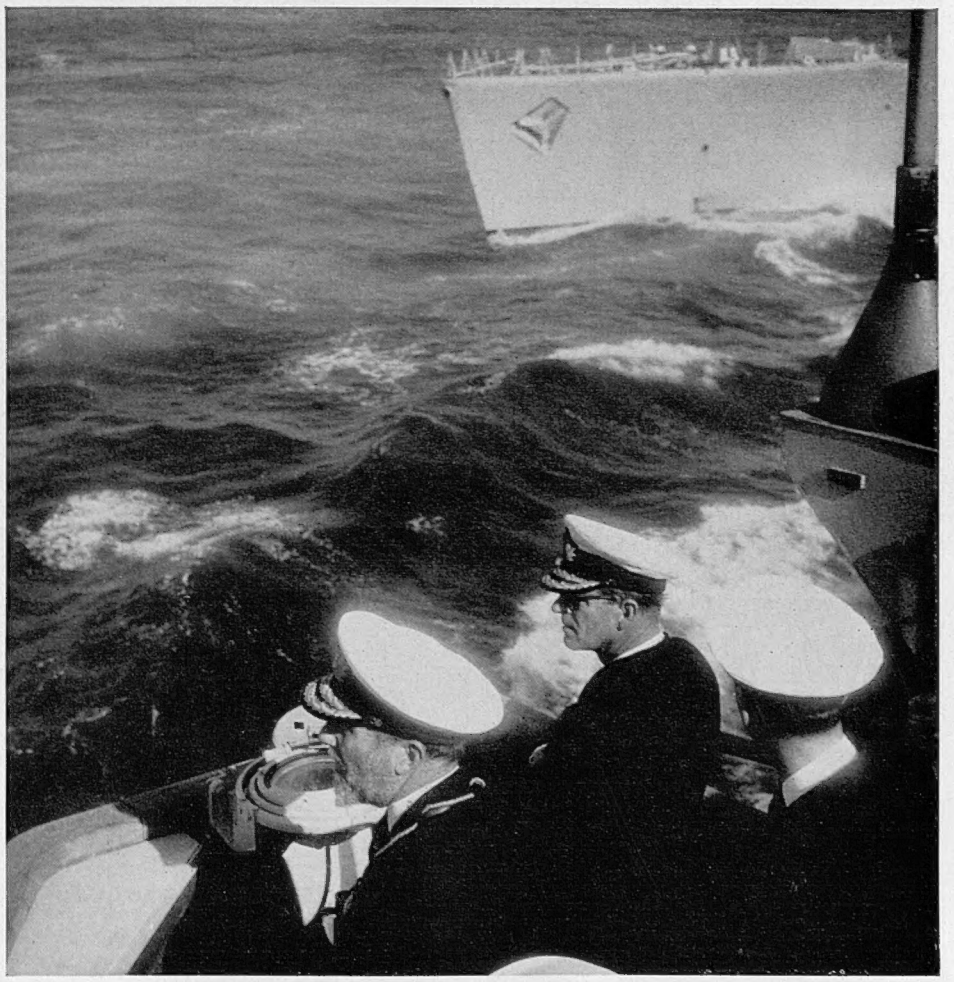


Above: The Queen Mother visits the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition in London, which is open until Thursday, June 25

Above centre: The Queen tours some of the stands after opening the World Book Fair at Earls Court, London

Top: A Cecil Beaton photograph of the Queen with her fourth child, Prince Edward. With them is Prince Andrew

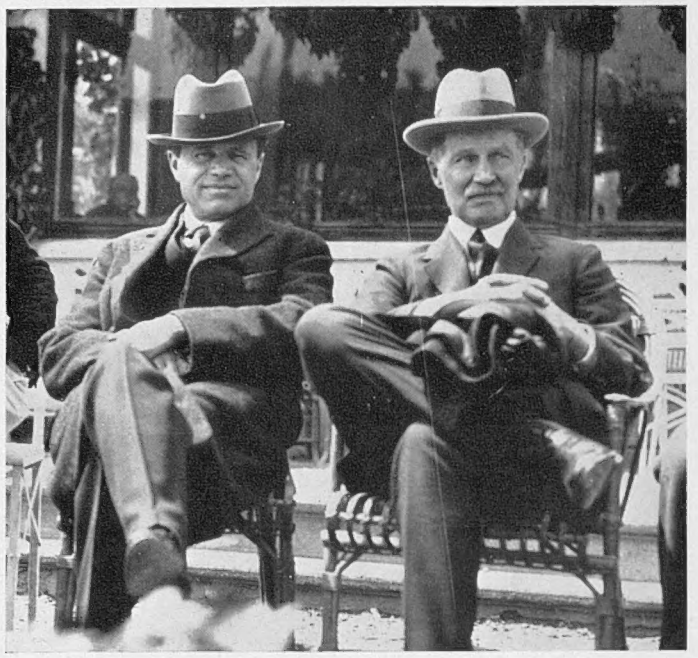




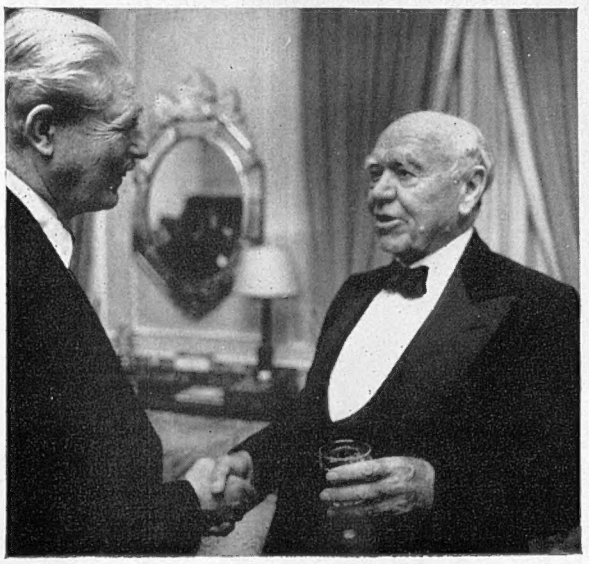
Above: The Duke of Edinburgh is on board HMS *London*, Britain's latest guided missile destroyer, at sea off Portland. The ship was engaged on exercises with anti-submarine frigates
Top: The Queen rides at the head of the parade along the Mall to Buckingham Palace after the Trooping the Colour ceremony on her official birthday
Left: On Horse Guards Parade in London the Colour of the 1st Battalion, the Coldstream Guards, is trooped past the Queen with all the traditional colour and pageantry

BEAVERBROOK'S POLITICAL IMPACT

420 Lord Beaverbrook, who died on June 9 at the age of 85, was not a great political force, but his impact on British politics for 50 years was immense. Having made a fortune in his native Canada, William Maxwell Aitken came to Britain, and in 1910 made a dramatic entry into the political scene. His political sponsor was his friend and fellow Canadian, Bonar Law. In the manoeuvre to oust Asquith from the Premiership, Aitken worked tirelessly on behalf of Lloyd George. Having helped to make Lloyd George Prime Minister, Lord Beaverbrook as he had become also helped to break him. Then came the great days for him of the all-too-brief Prime Ministership of Bonar Law. The death of Law left Beaverbrook without any political influence, but his presence could always be felt between the wars. In the Second World War his greatest impact was in the vital role of Minister of Aircraft Production in the Churchill Cabinet. He was less successful in other posts. After the war he continued with various campaigns, chief of which was opposition to Macmillan's attempt to enter the Common Market.



Beaverbrook with his friend Bonar Law, then Premier in 1923
Left: In uniform in 1916. He held several posts in the Canadian army



Above: Lord Beaverbrook with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill and ex-President Truman and Mrs Truman outside Chartwell, Sir Winston's country home, in 1956. Others in the picture are from left: Sir Winston's daughters Mary (Mrs Christopher Soames) and Sarah; and Mr Christopher Soames. On hearing of Lord Beaverbrook's death last week Sir Winston referred to him as "my oldest and closest friend"

Left: At his 83rd birthday party in London, Lord Beaverbrook talks with Mr Macmillan, at the time Prime Minister, who during the Second World War served under him for some months as his Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of Supply

Right: With a fellow Canadian and newspaper proprietor, Lord Thomson of Fleet (then Mr Roy Thomson), on the 83rd birthday

THE ARAB CONFLICT

By an interesting coincidence, the highly successful State visit of the President of the Sudan to this country was followed closely by the opening of the conference on the South Arabian constitution. The Sudanese President paid tribute to the part Britain had played in developing modern Sudan and he stressed the cordial relations which had prevailed between the two countries since the Sudan became independent. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that President Abboud only assumed power in 1958 because the democratic machinery set up by the British had failed to work. The moral is not lost on those who are sceptical about demands for introducing more democratic processes in southern Arabia.

The case of the main opposition party in Aden, the PSP led by Mr Abdullah al-Asnaq, rests very largely on this demand for free and democratic elections. But even in Aden itself, where the general standard of living and education is probably higher than in most Arab countries, the franchise question has presented major problems. The population of Aden comprises not merely Arabs from the coast and from the interior, but also Indians, Pakistanis, Somalis, Jews, Greeks, not to mention a substantial element of migrant Yemenis, many of whom have no intention of becoming permanent residents in Aden. Mr Asnaq, who is the leader not only of the People's Socialist Party but also of the Aden Trades Union Congress, depends for much of his support on the Yemeni dock-workers. Any franchise which did not give them the vote would be unlikely to be acceptable to him. On the other hand, his party have dropped their earlier demand for union with the Yemen, probably because the new republican regime in Yemen is no more popular with the Adenis than was the Yemen of the Imams.

The demand that democratic processes be introduced in the other 13 States of the Federation—a demand which has been made by the Chief Minister of Aden as well as Mr Asnaq—presents a problem of quite a different kind, which has been one of the main subjects under discussion at this conference. Here again the parallel of the Sudan is relevant, for the government in Khartoum is faced with a similar problem in the backward southern regions. The 13 sheikhdoms and sultanates, which until five years ago formed the Western Aden Protectorate, are still governed under the federal umbrella by rulers who are either hereditary or are chosen by the time-honoured methods of Beduin tribes. The sophisticated Arab nationalist in Cairo or Bagdad condemns this system as archaic and feudal. It is a fair argument but it is also a dangerous one. For if it can be applied to the rulers of southern Arabia, then why not to the ruling dynasty of Kuwait and the King of Jordan? And if a ballot-box is to be the sole criterion of true democracy in southern Arabia, one wonders if President Arif would survive the test in Iraq.

There is no doubt that one of the main purposes in calling the South Arabian conference, which should have been held six months earlier but was delayed following a bomb explosion at Aden airport as the delegates were leaving, was to work out ways and means of bringing the economically and politically backward states of the hinterland more into line with the much more prosperous and more sophisticated port of Aden. But the central theme of propaganda from Cairo and Sanaa has been not the need for more democracy but the end of so-called British imperialism. This again is a fair demand but a dangerous one. If the British Government were to decide that the military value of the base in Aden was now outweighed by its political nuisance-value and that it was therefore expendable, the bottom would fall out of Aden's economy. This may well explain why the People's Socialist Party has not given unqualified support to President Nasser's demand for the elimination of all western bases. The Adenis have everything to gain by coming to terms with the British Government on the question of the bases, terms which would certainly not satisfy the more rabid nationalists in Cairo and Sanaa but would guarantee Aden the substantial revenue which the base provides and would be compatible with political independence.

It has in fact been suggested that President Nasser himself might not be averse to such a solution, if it enabled him to withdraw from his costly military involvement in the Yemen. The price to the British Government would, of course, be recognition of a republican government in the Yemen. At the moment this may seem a remote possibility but political attitudes in the Arab world are remarkably fluid. During the past six months alone inter-Arab attitudes have undergone changes which only a few weeks before would have seemed inconceivable. King Hussein ceased overnight to be an imperialist puppet and became *persona grata* in Cairo. Mr Khrushchev's offensive reference to the ruler of Kuwait, whose loans have made him eminently respectable, was not well received in Cairo. The Baath Socialists in Syria, who were once instrumental in effecting a union between their country and Egypt, are today classed with the rulers of southern Arabia as arch-enemies of genuine Arab unity.

Even at this early stage in the development of southern Arabia there are signs that unity on the wider Arab plain is much less real than it is in the context of southern Arabia itself. The rulers of the 13 states have been left in no doubt that the British Government and all the political parties in Aden are agreed upon the need to modernise their states. The idea of a federation is also accepted by all parties, including the militant nationalists. And finally none of the political leaders in Aden is anxious to liquidate the British base. These last two points are clearly at variance with the demands made by Arab nationalists elsewhere. Past experience has shown that where Arab nationalism clashes with expediency, practical self-interest is the more potent force.

Even on the Palestine issue, which has come nearer to uniting the Arabs than any other common problem, the recent conference in Jerusalem, like the summit in Cairo a few months earlier, produced more resolutions than resolution. The establishment of what has become known as a " Palestine entity " must arouse grave misgivings in those countries immediately affected. Jordan is concerned to retain the west bank of the River Jordan, and the Cairo-Bagdad axis is so clearly directed against the present regime in Syria that the present government in Damascus is not likely to collaborate even on the Palestine problem. In fact, if there is a danger to Israel, it lies not in any immediate united Arab front but in the present disunity, which might provoke the Syrians to take some action on their Israeli border that would compel Egypt and Iraq to toe their line. An obvious course of action would be to press ahead with the agreed plan to divert the Jordan waters at their source. The problems of southern Arabia, however intractable they may seem, are nevertheless soluble by negotiation, because even the continued existence of a British base has economic implications which in the last resort would prove stronger than political slogans. One of the western arguments in favour of maintaining the base is that it is essential to the western defence system. But it could also be argued that without a continued British presence in Aden the future prospects for the South Arabian Federation would not be very bright. As one authority has remarked, " the Arab is not an undemocratic animal but his behaviour is conditioned by the conflict in him between the practice of individualism and the theory of unity." It is this conflict that makes the emergence of a strong man almost inevitable. And experience has shown that even on the issue of Palestine, Arab unity has made little practical progress and seems unlikely to do so, unless and until the conflict between the theory of unity and the practice of individualism can be resolved.

D. J. S. Thomson

Three delegates at the South Arabian Conference in London are from left: Saiyid Zain Abdul Baharoon, Chief Minister of Aden State, Sheikh Muhammad Farid, Minister of External Affairs of the Upper Aulaqui Sheikhdom, and Sultan Ahmad Bin Abdullah, Minister of National Guidance and Information of Fadhli

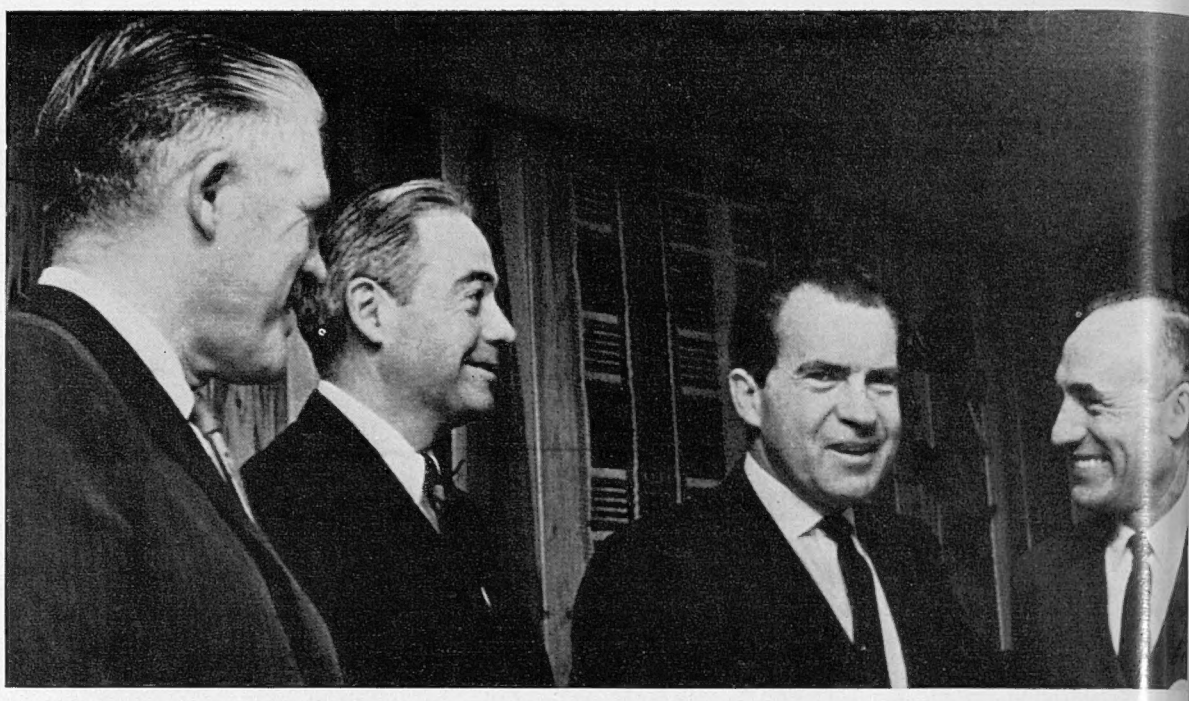
NEWS SUMMARY

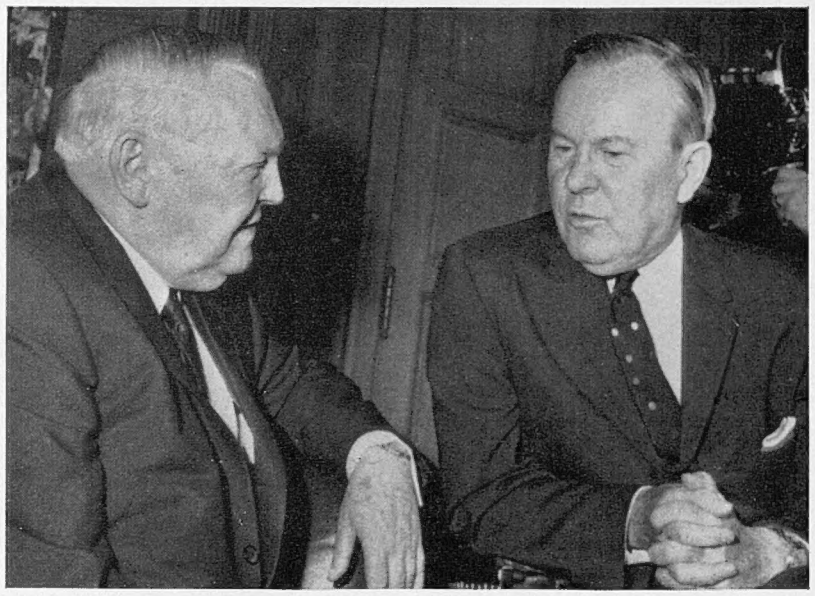
422 **International:** A last-minute agreement was reached in Geneva last Sunday in the UN Trade and Development conference regarding the composition of a permanent Trade and Development Board. Deadlock had threatened between the Western industrial nations and the Afro-Asian bloc regarding the composition of the Board. The successful outcome was largely due to untiring efforts by Mr Heath, leading the British delegation. In Cyprus on Monday there was still no sign of the British Major Macey, of the UN team, and his driver, Leonard Platt. They had been missing for over a week. In South East Asia, American moves in Laos were cloaked in secrecy. It was not clear whether United States reconnaissance flights over the Pathet Lao territory had ceased, in accordance with the instruction given by the Neutralist Prime Minister, Prince Souvanna Phouma. Reports from Tokyo indicated Tunku Abdul Rahman, Malaysia's Prime Minister, would agree to a Summit there with Presidents Sukarno, of Indonesia, and Macapagal of the Philippines.

Great Britain: The typhoid epidemic in Aberdeen seemed to be on the wane by Monday. Two cases were reported over the weekend, bringing the total to 394 confirmed and 52 suspected cases. The city's M.o.H., Dr Ian Macqueen, was "soberly confident." There was to be a statement in Parliament early this week. Another issue to be raised in the Commons was the sentencing in South Africa of Nelson Mandela and seven others to life imprisonment in the sabotage trial in Pretoria. The trial caused world-wide concern, and in London over the weekend there were a number of demonstrations protesting against the sentences. On the election front, Conservatives were confidently expecting to draw out the Opposition's nationalisation plans on Thursday.

United States: Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania set out on a week's tour of the country on Monday as a start to his campaign to oust Senator Goldwater from being nominated at the Republican convention next month as the party's candidate in the Presidential election. The Governor is fighting on a policy of "progressive Republicanism" against the Right-wing Senator. The House of Representatives in Washington last week passed the Foreign Aid Bill. The Senate voted to terminate the debate on the Civil Rights Bill. The ending of the filibuster on this controversial measure means it should become law soon.

British Guiana: Dr Jagan, Prime Minister of British Guiana, protested in Georgetown on Sunday against the detention of his deputy Premier, Mr Benn, and four other members of the Legislative Assembly under the emergency powers fully assumed by the Governor 24 hours previously. Altogether some 30 political leaders were taken into custody. Relations between the Indian and African communities have been deteriorating since the start of the sugar strike three months ago. Since then 47 people have been killed and several hundred wounded. The full state of emergency was declared after the murder last Friday of Mr Arthur Abraham, a senior British Guianese civil servant, and seven of his children.



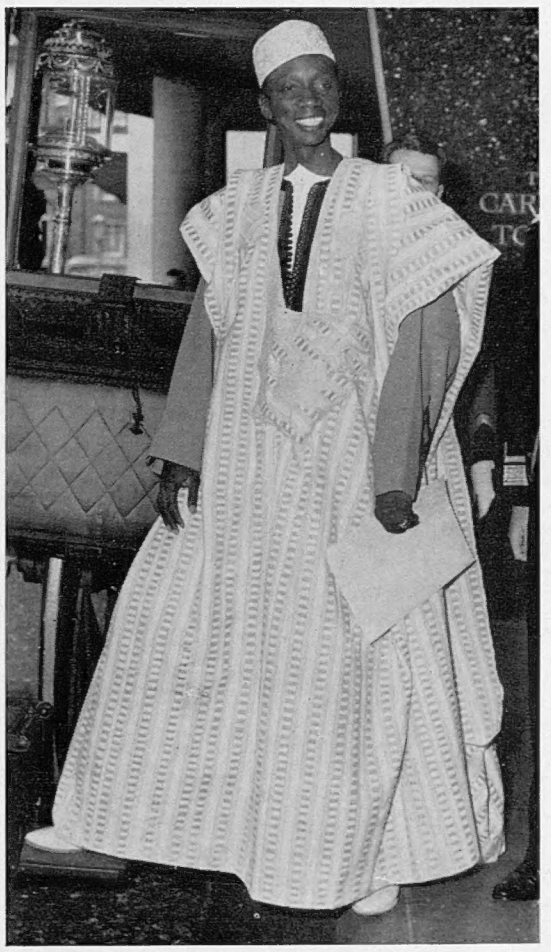


Above: At a conference of Republican Governors in Cleveland, Ohio, are from the left: Governor George Romney of Michigan, Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, Mr Richard Nixon, the former Vice-President of the United States, and Governor Hansen of Wyoming.
Left: Professor Ludwig Erhard, the Chancellor of West Germany, chats with Mr Lester Pearson, the Canadian Prime Minister, in the latter's office in Ottawa. After two days in Canada the Chancellor went on to Washington for talks with President Johnson and other political leaders in the United States
Below: Sir Alec and Lady Douglas-Home are welcomed on arriving for a rally of 6,000 Conservative women in the Albert Hall, London. Immediately behind Sir Alec, to the left, is Lord Blakenham, the Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation. In his speech Sir Alec declared he believed the women of Britain would return the Conservatives at the election

Left: Ludgate Hill is the name which has been given to this section of a road being built by British Sappers and Arab labourers through the Rabwa Pass in Southern Arabia. Various London streets are being commemorated along the road, which will supply forward military units fighting rebel tribesmen

Below: His Excellency Bokar N'Diaye, the new Ambassador for Mali, on his way to present his credentials to the Queen at Buckingham Palace

Bottom: At Wallsend Britain's largest tanker, the *Ottawa*, is launched by Mrs A. B. Marshall, wife of the Managing Director of Trident Tankers, the owners. Standing next to her is Sir John Hunter, Chairman of Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson, the shipbuilders, who watches as the tanker enters the Tyne



Left: President de Gaulle speaks in Mondidier during his visit to Picardy. The General made the tour last week against the advice of his doctors who thought it was too soon after his operation earlier this year. However, commentators accompanying him remarked on his energy and stamina throughout the visit

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

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Educating lay magistrates

I am glad that the Lord Chancellor has set in train at last measures for the compulsory training of lay magistrates for their basic duties. All too many, for all too long, have done their turns as JPs without gaining more than a vague notion of the rules of evidence and of court procedure. I was Chairman of a rural Bench for 12 years and never ceased to be grateful for having read law at Oxford, been called to the Bar, learned something on circuit and secured my sole scholastic distinction with a first class in my Bar exams in criminal law, evidence and procedure. At least that education helped me to recognise, and to muzzle in good time, hearsay evidence, and to assure to the accused all the privileges and safeguards which British law generously allows him. I don't know if compulsory education will curtail the supply of younger aspirants. I doubt whether it alone will do much to ensure that penalties fit the crimes or to secure more uniformity of scale of penalty throughout the country for demeanours of an exactly similar type. Cast-iron uniformity can never be desirable, since each case must be decided on its merits, among which personal circumstances are bound to be taken into account. Meanwhile, an aspiring candidate could do worse than study Henry Cecil's *Brief to Counsel* and his *Roger Thursby* saga. He will find them, to good purpose, reading without tears. No course of training can make him a trained lawyer in a matter of months, but some training will enable him to understand more clearly the conduct of his chairman and the advice of the Clerk on a legal point.

Thunderstorm? Don't worry

The recent assurance by official weather forecasters that one need not feel alarmed by the dangers of lightning could have brought very temporary assurance to dwellers in south Essex who, after a brief thunderstorm on May 28, recorded 40 houses hit by lightning and two thunderbolts. Nor were the records of the glorious 1st of June likely to allay the public's "craven fears." No doubt thunderstorm damage gets more publicity than it did in ancient days, as does juvenile delinquency and pornography; but fear of the levin-flash is a very old and deep-seated apprehension and one presumably due to the tragic experience of our ancestors. The layman, when thunder is in the air and in the news, is rather inclined to blame the scientists whose puny efforts to compete with celestial voltages and harness them to domestic use seem to him like waving a red rag at angry Taurus. I agree that it is much more dangerous to cross or drive along a road in England than to be abroad in a thunderstorm but, when a cracker is directly overhead, I get little comfort from a weather wizard's assurance that there is no need to worry. It is not rare to hear of the destruction by lightning of sheep or cattle in the open, let alone of an individual sheltering under a tree.

Making friends among flowers

In recent years in the *Newsletter* I have often praised the virtues of the "Gardens scheme" and the noble causes it benefits. I will not miss an opportunity to glorify the scheme again. Its fullest virtues are best shown among the little gardens which venture to throw open their gates. The great and famous gardens, more impersonal, can look after themselves. Friendships are made and cemented in the one-acre gardens. It is there that one enjoys the finest flowers of civilised behaviour. Last week, in thunder, lightning and in rain, we threw open our "cabbage patch" and it was a heartening experience to meet so many people, some drawn from a considerable distance, whose interest in "other men's flowers" and vegetables was so keen, whose knowledge was so much greater than ours, whose keenness triumphed over bad weather, whose generosity was remarkable and who, one and all, expressed their gratitude as if for a rare and delightful privilege bestowed. The "Gardens scheme" has deserved a mention in social history. It has stimulated at a vital time a wholesome and absorbing use of leisure in its comparatively short life. More than that, it has conclusively contradicted the current fallacy that our civilisation is in decline. Today its sweets bloom as never before in the little gardens throughout Britain.

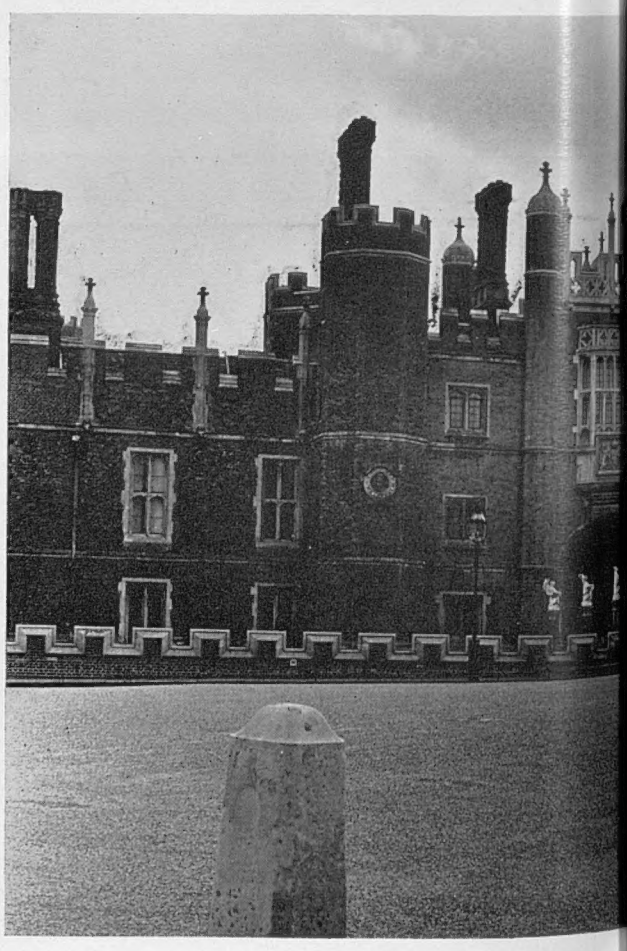
Wash-out

The saddest summer music I know is the "till-ready" tinkling behind a blank screen on TV when rain has washed out a Test Match; the saddest sight the deserted and rain-washed pavilion and grandstands, or the thronged and dripping marquee at a village fete. No doubt there *are* sadder sights and more melancholy music, and perhaps even more frustration and disappointment on other occasions and in other seasons of the year. But the Frenchman's idea of an English summer as "two fine days and a thunderstorm" is too often justified when our chief outdoor fixtures take place. For we so often miss the two fine days, and so often the thunderstorm weather persists for weeks, not days. Golden lads, of course, ultimately come to dust. When the Fourth of June is a wash-out and golden lads and lassies turn to mud, the toll of the bell is funereal. For parents, sisters and young hopefuls, frustration, disappointment and discomfort call forth all the philosophy that "higher education" provides. In 1963, I recall, it was July 5 on which Jupiter Pluvius decided to reveal his powers as a saboteur. On that day the Test Match, the Wimbledon women's finals and the Regatta at Henley were all drowned out—a clean sweep. But, like people who exist in the shadow of a volcano, we go on living in hope, and arrange our outdoor fetes and dates and festivities, always trusting that each will coincide with one of summer's two fine days. The remembered "wonderful summers of our childhood" and the recent phenomenon of 1959 induce us still to clutch the inviolable hope that that Frenchman underestimated our summer.

Ripe for development?

People who live in built-up counties perhaps exaggerate the pressure of bricks and mortar on the surviving open spaces in southern England. We know that we can still enjoy a sense of loneliness on Carter Bar and are inclined to think that nowhere south of Durham or Cumberland today can we experience solitude or see more open country than teeming settlements. In the counties which border the Channel from Essex to Dorset, I can understand the holding of that fallacy. For fallacy it is. Even in the south, bricks and mortar have not yet won the day. It may be un-neighbourly to give undesired publicity to a neighbour county, yet a Hampshire man (who certainly today lives in a "built-up" county, with much more to come) has not to drive more than a few miles to get into Wiltshire, there to discover, if he has not already discovered, that he can drive through that charming county for miles on miles to enjoy the solitudes of Cumberland. Nor is it due only to the large training areas held by the military that this surprising fact exists. Outside the military zones the same solitude can be enjoyed. It is possible for a Sussex or Hampshire man to envy Wiltshire and to wonder why it has so long avoided becoming a dumping ground for voluntarily displaced persons from the north. I suppose the crowded sea-beaches are the magnet. *The Old Stager*

Below: The Tudor West Front at Hampton Court Palace. The *Son et Lumiere* production was to open on June 18 and runs until September 26. Proceeds from the production will go to the Lady Hoare Thalidomide Appeal and the programme's sponsors are the London Tourist Board. John Mortimer has written the script for an entertainment which deals with the years from 1514, when Cardinal Wolsey acquired the lease of the Palace, through to the death of Jane Seymour in 1536 after the birth of Edward VI. Principal voices are Dorothy Tutin as Anne Boleyn, John Neville as Henry VIII and Michael Hordern as Wolsey



CANTERBURY'S BELL HARRY TOWER

Left: For over 468 years the great Central Tower known as Bell Harry Tower of Canterbury Cathedral has been a landmark to everyone who approaches the city and has been admired by countless people. Completed between 1495 and 1503 by Prior Goldstone, it is a magnificent example of the Perpendicular style of architecture.

The last major repairs were carried out in 1907. Now it has again become necessary for the Dean and Chapter to put in hand an immediate plan for the restoration of the entire tower. Much of the stonework has deteriorated and this will be replaced by Bath stone. It is estimated that work will continue for at least seven years, and with the constant increase in the cost of labour, stone, and other essential materials, the total sum for the restoration will amount to many thousands of pounds.

In order to help the Cathedral authorities meet so vast an amount, the Friends of the Cathedral have launched an appeal for funds.

Over the years the Friends have already rendered invaluable help in the maintenance of the Cathedral and they regard the present appeal as a priority task. As work will continue on only one face of Bell Harry at a time, it will always be possible to obtain a clear view of its beautiful proportions from different parts of the precincts. **John Steel**

Below: A general view of Gravetye Manor Hotel, East Grinstead, Sussex, shows some of the Elizabethan garden layout in the enclosed part in front of the manor house. The gardens are open as an extension of the exhibition Shakespeare's England which is currently running at 190 Queen's Gate, in London. Gravetye was built at the end of the 16th century by Roger Infield

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ADVENTURE IN THE CHINA SEA

Joseph Conrad is one of the most remarkable figures in the history of English literature. Born in Poland of Polish parentage in 1857, he had come to manhood before he mastered the English language while serving in British merchant ships. Yet he is a great stylist as well as a brilliant story-teller. *Lord Jim* comes into his first group of novels in which he drew abundantly on his experiences and adventures at sea. The film version, which is now nearing completion, has been made on location in Hong Kong and Cambodia. The latter admirably provides the setting for Conrad's Patusan. The director of the film is Richard Brooks and it will be presented by Columbia Pictures. There are many distinguished players in the large cast.

Above: During the filming of *Lord Jim*, Richard Brooks, the director, rehearses Paul Lukas as Stein
Right: A tense moment for the General (Eli Wallach)

Above : Jim (played by Peter O'Toole) and The Girl (Daliah Lavi). Much of the film was made on location in S.E. Asia

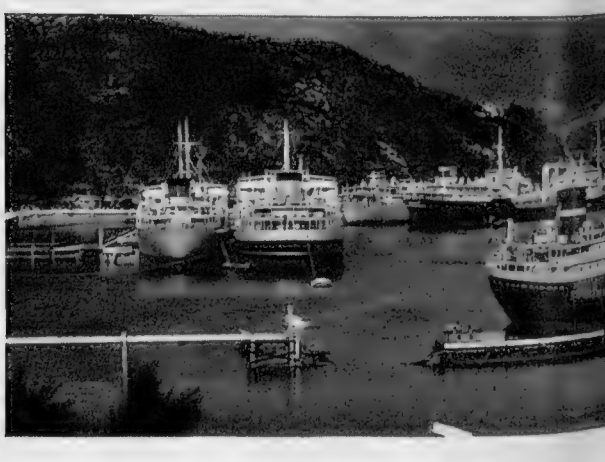
Above: Stein in the launch is welcomed by natives at Patusan
Left: The characters from left are Schomberg (Akim Tamiroff), Cornelius (Curt Jurgens) and Gentleman Brown (James Mason)

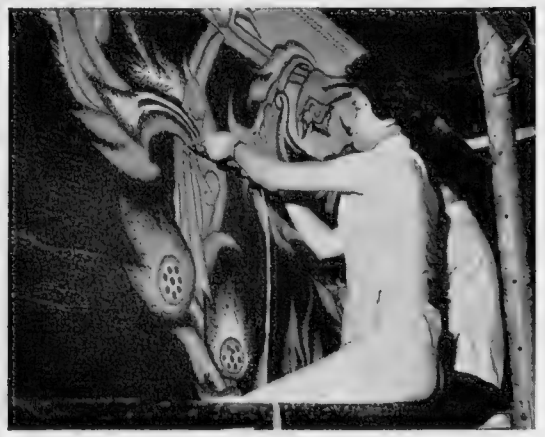
LAND AND WATER

428 Hong Kong's two most pressing problems are living space and water supply. The population of this teeming British Crown Colony numbers over $3\frac{1}{2}$ million people in an area of only $398\frac{1}{4}$ square miles. A census in 1961 showed that 140,000 lived aboard sampans, junks and other types of craft, though half of them have ceased to earn a living as fishermen. A maximum use has to be made of land. During the past ten years the problem of living space has been tackled by vast land reclamation schemes to create space for building. At Kwun Tong and Tsuen Wan, 1,000 acres have been recovered from the sea for development. In Victoria City, the capital, the foreshore is being reclaimed for the construction of multi-storey buildings and farther along the front similar work is under way for an access road.

The water shortage has been even more critical than the fight for land. Throughout 1963 and in the early months of this year, Hong Kong suffered from the worst drought it had ever experienced. At that time the consumption of water had to be severely restricted. Even in a normal year, water was supplied to homes for only four hours daily; during the drought period it had to be cut to four hours every fourth day. The Hong Kong Government has recently come to an agreement with the Chinese People's Council of Kwantung Province for the supply of water by pump and waterway from the East River. Since June last year, it has been running a charter fleet of 11 tankers to bring water to the thirsty colony from the Pearl River in China. But these are emergency measures. A longer term scheme to provide enough water for the people and for industry is the enclosure by a mile-long barrage of a natural inlet in the coastline near the Chinese border.

Above: Chopsticks at work in a Hong Kong factory canteen. Chinese employers treat their workers well, and give them a month's extra salary at New Year
Top right: The rainy season in Hong Kong. Heavy rain can usually be expected between June and September. During this period few people go out without their umbrellas
Right: One of the many sidestreets that branch off the main thoroughfares in Victoria City
Below: The photograph shows land being reclaimed for the rapidly growing Hong Kong population





Above: In the foreground, among other modern buildings on Hong Kong island, is the Mandarin Hotel, well known for its cuisine. Tourism has become the third highest earning industry in Hong Kong. Several multi-storey hotels have been built in the past few years to meet the demand for accommodation

Left: Carpet making in Hong Kong. Two brothers who came to Hong Kong in the late 1940s trained girls from Tai Po in the new territories to make carpets by hand. Most of the carpets are woven to order and have special designs

Far left: Part of a fleet of 11 tankers chartered by the Hong Kong Government to transport water from the Pearl River estuary to the Colony. Last year and in the early months of this, Hong Kong has been suffering from its worst-ever drought. The tankers have been engaged on a constant shuttle service since June last year. In April alone they carried 512 million gallons

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH *continued from page 429*

Above: Watched by a large crowd, the ashes of Jawaharlal Nehru are rowed out at Allahabad to be scattered on the waters at the confluence of the rivers Jumna and Ganges. The ceremony was performed by the two sons of Mr Nehru's only child, Mrs Indira Gandhi. She, with Mr Nehru's sisters, threw flowers into the waters

Below: Sir Ralph Grey, the new Governor of the Bahama Islands, arrives in Nassau, the capital, to take up his duties. Welcoming him are Sir Roland Symonette (left), the Premier of the islands, and Sir Ralph Campbell, who is the Chief Justice. Previously Sir Ralph, who is 53, had been Governor of British Guiana from 1959

Right: Four members of the Union of Women of Tanganyika are greeted at the Commonwealth Relations Office in Whitehall, London, by Mr Richard Hornby, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary. The women, on a month's visit to Britain, are, from the left, Mrs Mtaki Dodoma, Mrs Abdallah, Mrs Sawe and Mrs Chihota

Bottom right: The new Australian High Commissioner to Britain is seen with his family on board *Canberra* on arrival in Southampton. The children are from the left, Una aged 8, Alexander aged 12, Angela aged 14 and Stella, aged 16. Formerly Immigration Minister, Mr Downer takes up his appointment in the autumn

At the University of Guarda in Portugal, students lay a path of black cloaks for President Americo Tomas of Portugal on his arrival for a visit. The " black cloak " treatment is the Portuguese equivalent of putting out the red carpet (an article on Portugal is overleaf)

DOWN CLOAKS

SMALL BUT DIVERSE

written and photographed by Gabor Denes

The attraction of Portugal lies in its immense diversity within the compass of a relatively small country. For the traveller there is always something new and different to experience wherever he goes. The topography and even the climate could not offer more changes within such a small area: Portugal only occupies about one fifth of the Iberian peninsula and has a population of about 9 million. There are two large towns, Lisbon, the capital, and Oporto but otherwise only a small proportion of the population lives in towns which could be termed sizeable. There are a few densely concentrated centres of industry, but for the most part the economy is rural and agricultural. Yet there could not be a more cosmopolitan, elegant and sophisticated capital than Lisbon, built on many hills and lying on the banks of the majestic river Tagus, with examples of architecture of many varying periods. In addition there is an overall impression of pleasant living and friendly gaiety.

In sharp contrast, the countryside is unspoilt, even the many seaside resorts, mostly small fishing villages, have escaped the commercial spoliation so characteristic of other southern European countries. Even in Lisbon itself there are many signs that traditions of long ago still live. Nowhere else in Europe have I seen so many working craft under sail on a busy waterway as when I looked from the elegant 18th-century Black Horse Square of Lisbon's waterfront. Away from the metropolitan bustle, in the open country, there is rural tranquility where oxen pull the plough and mules and donkeys are commonly used for carrying loads.

The climate of Portugal contributes to this variety. It has virtually three different climates, the result of being on the dividing line of the Atlantic and Mediterranean influences. The northern part of the country is more mountainous, and near the coast in the west the Atlantic influence prevails with a greater rainfall than in the north east on the high ground. This is illustrated by the difference in weather between Oporto with its moderate winter and short summer and, less than a hundred miles to the east, the Alto Douro with cold winters and scorching, dry summers. In the south the weather is decidedly Mediterranean, with very little rain, mild winters and long, hot summers. The soil is productive nearly everywhere, viticulture flourishes in many regions from the Minho in the north to Setubal, south of Lisbon. East of Lisbon is the plain where much corn is produced and where cork plantations alternate pleasantly with grazing land for herds of cattle, horses and sheep. Excellent fruit is grown in many parts of the country, including oranges, lemons and grapefruit.

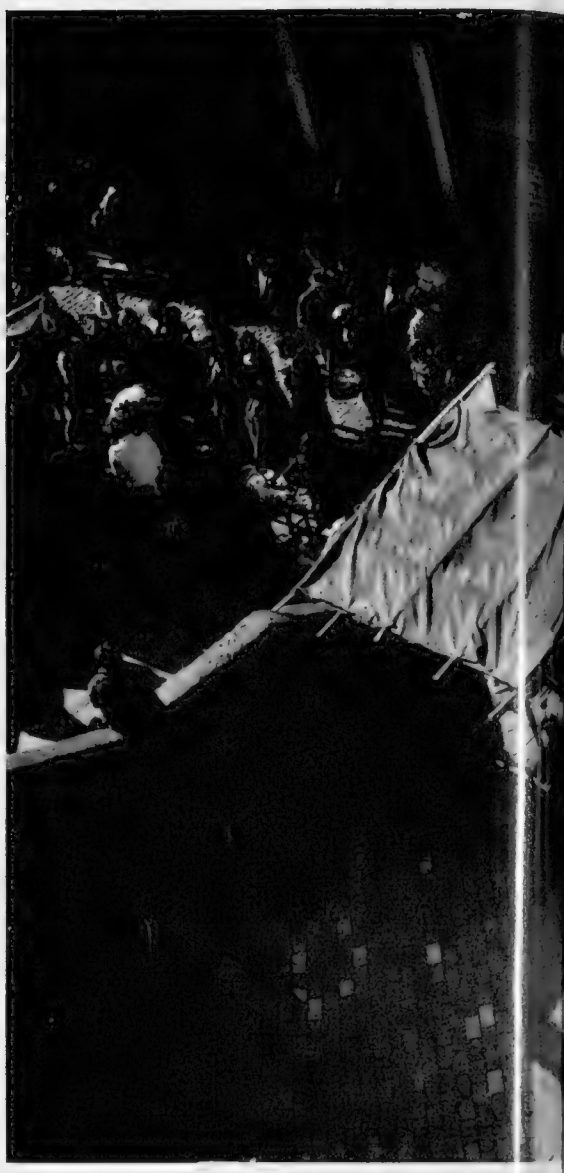
History from Roman times has left its mark on the architectural and cultural treasures of the land. A few random examples are the well-preserved ruins of Diana's temple next to the cathedral at Evora; the 15th-century splendours of the monastery of Batalha, showing the transition from Romanesque to Gothic; the beautiful Renaissance church of St. Vincent de Fora in Lisbon; the 17th-century complex of Coimbra University, and the Versailles-influenced 18th-century royal palace of Quelez.

The population carry their heritage proudly. They have preserved many traditions in regional cooking, dancing and music, being completely unselfconscious in their many folkloric manifestations. Underneath it all is hidden a sweet feeling of nostalgia, the untranslatable *Saudade*, a longing for the unattainable, which is far away, a longing to love and cherish. This feeling is the theme of the *fado*, the native singing of Lisbon. It also shows the warm heart of the Portuguese, which makes them extend such a fine welcome to the visitor, especially to those from Britain, in history their oldest ally.

Above: A feature of the Rossio, which is one of the main squares in Lisbon, is the flower sellers and their stalls
Right: A corner of a street on the hill of the Castelo St. Jorge, typical of many in the old part of the capital of Portugal

Above: A peacock in the grounds of the Castelo St. Jorge
Top: This restaurant was once the kitchen of the Quelez Palace

SMALL BUT DIVERSE *continued from page 433*



Above: Young girls are instructed in lace-making in Vila do Conde, noted for its lace

Right: Aveiro is a city with the attraction of canals and lagoons

Top: To the south of Lisbon is Sesimbra, an old fishing village

Above: A sheep shearing competition is in progress in Evora

Top: A view across the river Douro from Oporto towards Vila Nova de Gaia

Top centre: A street market in Oporto attracts many purchasers

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHITE DISCS IN THE DARK

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Keats was writing a week or two too soon maybe, but surely not too soon to make all that difference. He should not have had to guess.

Just now, throughout this midsummer month and for some while longer, the nights are as beautiful—often, I think, more beautiful—and certainly more heavily scented (for the air at night is free from the stench of petrol and diesel fumes) as the day. Not so colourful, of course: darkness dissipates colour. One cannot see the reds, the blues, the purples. The colour of the June night is white. Walk along any English lane at this season and you will find all the hedgerows and flowers resolved into white and luminous discs.

In fact, you do not see the plant at all: you do not see the stem or the leaves. Nor do you see the shape of the flower-head. These things are concealed by the darkness. The flowers float, seemingly suspended by invisible threads; and all of them are round, for the darkness dims their outline. The moon-daisies (how well-named is that plant!) float above the grass-heads: the kecksies—perhaps you know the plant as the wild beaked parsley, but hereabouts it is known as the keck or kecksie—float at a higher level: and higher still float the huge elder-heads. And, of course, there are plenty more to light the night: guelder, wayfarer pear, cow-parsnip (hogweed), dogwood, hemlock, chervil and so on: all floating in the darkness. Their white luminous discs enhance the darkness as do the stars on a moonless night.

The largest of these floating discs are those of the elder and from them a heavy scent loads the night air. Now the elder is commonly said to keep away flies. In the old days, before the benefit of cheap refrigeration, housewives would place a sprig of elder across the larder window to keep the flies away—this is still done by cottage people in remote parts of the country—and carters would place a sprig in the head-harness of their horses for the same purpose. And, there can be no doubt about it, it worked: the flies did keep away. But stand beneath elder-bloom at night and you may hear the hum of many insects. Presumably, these are night-fliers only with tastes different from those of their day-flying cousins. The scent of the kecksie is much more delicate—in daylight imperceptible to most human noses (certainly to mine, unless I bury my nose in the flower-head) but perceptible enough, even at a few feet, at night—and much more attractive to a multitude of small flies and a few moths.

Both the elder and the kecksie (and also, of course, the hogweed) have been a delight to country children throughout the ages. There is nothing more fascinating than a hollow tube. Remove the cylinder of pith from the elder and you can make a very satisfactory, if crude, musical instrument. Having no instrumental ability I never attempted that, but I have made a most effective cuckoo-call from an elder-tube: and you can, if you know how, make an equally effective call for partridges (a most useful accomplishment, if you have an elastic conscience and no ingrained respect for the game laws!). Moreover, an elder-tube makes an excellent pea-shooter, as I found out at an early age. Shakespeare, I fancy, did too. The evidence is in *Henry V*: "That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch!"

But the most fascinating thing about the kecksie is the grouping of many flowers in one head. The flowers themselves are small and each is stalked, anything from seven to 12 coming off from the same point on the stem. This type of inflorescence is called an umbel. It is not confined to the *Umbelliferae*: it occurs, for example in the oxslip, in the Star of Bethlehem and many other plants. But in the *Umbelliferae* it is not just a matter of a simple umbel, but of an umbel of umbels. In some members of the family there may be as many as 25 umbels springing from the stem at a single point. I have, indeed, counted no fewer than 238 single flowers on one, very moderate, head of kecksie. In the hogweed it is by no means uncommon to find one disc to be made up of 20 umbels, each with 20 to 25 flowers.

This is very efficient, of course: there is safety in numbers. You may go and look at kecksie, at hogweed, at chervil, at any of this group, at any hour of the day or night and you will find them being visited by many sorts of insects. The scent may be delicate, but it is evidently widely attractive: there is very little risk of non-pollination. And the efficiency of these plants is increased yet more by their leaves, which are so pungent that they repel grazing animals. (It is for this reason that some, such as the hogweed, which are in fact edible, are regarded as poisonous by the vast majority of country people.) Safe from the ravages of grazing animals, its roots repugnant to mice and rats, its flowers attractive to many sorts of insects, it is no wonder that the kecksie is so common.

But the kecksie is not content with these natural advantages: it makes assurance doubly sure. Though it is usually pollinated by flies, this may not always happen. On the rare occasions when it does not, the kecksie pollinates itself and does so simply and easily. The stamens are bent inwards and the styles are bent outwards, so that ripe anther and stigma meet. Simple and easy, yes. But how does the plant know when it can no longer rely upon the flies, when it is time to help itself?

The humble kecksie deserves more attention than it normally receives. But, in this age of marvels, we tend to overlook the common: no matter how marvellous.

Common to Britain, *Anthriscus sylvestris* has many local names, ranging from sheep parsley to hi-how

YACHTING

Merlin-Rockets during a Championship week. This year's Championships begin on June 21 in Poole Bay for seven days

In the championship event of such a class as the Merlin-Rocket the outcome depends on the quality of design as much as the helmsmen and crews. For in a restricted class, young enough to allow scope for development, continuous changes take place in what is considered the most efficient hull-shape, or deck layout. This will be very much apparent in this year's Merlin-Rocket Week which takes place in Poole Bay under the burgee of the Parkstone Yacht Club between June 21 and 27.

A whole host of new designs will be seen during the seven days' racing. The class is very healthy, it has maintained a steady increase in sailnumbers for several years, averaging an annual growth of about 130-140. An increase in interest and spectators is expected again this year especially as the centre is popular with yachtsmen as well as lying close to Bournemouth. Bournemouth should prove a great attraction to the wives and dependants who will be tempted to join their men-folk for the Championship week. Based on the latest sailnumber of 1,720, about 170 starters are expected. Such a crowd is difficult to control even when the line is exceptionally well laid, as it is bound to be here. However the "five minute rule" will apply and, even if there should be a few false starts, no serious trouble is likely to develop.

The diversity of designs is demonstrated by the fact that among the last 20 Merlin-Rockets registered there are eight different designs. Ian Proctor, perhaps the most prolific designer for this class, has reached his Mark XVI, which was first seen at the last Boat Show. At the same time his Mark IX is still the most popular. It was in a Mark IX Proctor boat that Brian Southcott won the championship last year for the second time: this was *Restless IV*, owned by his crew, Adrian Legg. Robin Judah, who was runner-up last year, and is an outstanding helmsman in the class although he has never won the championship, is going to try this year in a Proctor Mark XVI, his new *Whisky Galore*.

Among other new designs, the boats designed and built by the Adur Boatyard of Shoreham have become very successful. After some trouble with the measurements of their Series VI they brought out the Series VII, which not only measured but went extremely well. The first of these delivered was *Helgel* for Robert Harris who was third in her in last year's championship. Now there are about 15 of them sailing and a number is bound to appear in Poole Bay.

The very latest new design is by Mike Nokes, who is a member of the boatbuilding firm Wyche & Coppock, called *Star-Rocket*, giving this name to the design as well. The new boat built recently for a leading helmsman, Alan Warner, *Cotopaxi*, is another Star-Rocket likely to be seen in Merlin-Rocket Week. *Surf Scoter* was designed last year by Nick Truman of Lowestoft, and John Harris's *Paragon* is of the same design. The helmsmen and boats I mentioned are all potential challengers, and any one of them might easily be at least among the first six.

Sunday's is a Practice Race, and during the next five days there is a race each day, for the Founder's Cup, the Beecher's Cup, the Clyde Quaich, the West Country Trophy and the Silent World Trophy in that order. Each of these count towards the Points Trophy for the week, which is equivalent to the Class championship. The last day, providing there is no cancelled race, is devoted to a crews race.

OFF THE TOURIST TRACK

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

A few minutes after climbing out of St. Jean-Pied-de-Port we ran into a sea of sheep. The Land Rover nudged its way past their anxious black faces. It was 6 o'clock on a May morning and both the sheep and ourselves were heading in the same direction: to the high pasturelands which clothe the smooth, soaring mountain flanks about 3,000–4,000 ft. up in the Basque hinterland. They would stay up there for the six months of summer grazing, said the driver, who was also the local baker. Our purpose was to collect the ewes' milk which later that morning would be delivered to the factory down in the valley, and eventually mature into Roquefort cheese.

Up in one of the stone-walled, wooden-roofed *cayolars* where the shepherds spend their summer there was the surprising neatness of men who live in solitude, and their welcome, uncluttered by verbiage, was the welcome of a mountain people. Coffee was brewed, a bottle of *anis* appeared. The view from the door was the kind that would send any brochure writer into a delirium of superlatives and, surrounded by this, the men had been up three hours already, herding their flocks into the adjacent pen for milking. No, they said, gazing out at those incredible peaks, they never got tired of the view.

There was business to be done; milk churns to be emptied into larger containers on the back of the Land Rover, the contents to be measured, entered into a notebook, registered on a chart. Items of shopping were delivered, orders taken for the next day, and we were off. Four hours later, after a journey which included all the mystery of mountain mist and rain, of lurching and skidding on the edge of a grey nothingness, of sodden exchanges of milk churns on the track-side and, later, of more views across layers of peaks unfolding endlessly behind each other, I returned to coffee and the pleasing family comforts of the Hotel des Pyrénées at St. Jean-Pied-de-Port. This highly picturesque village, nestling at the foot of the Pyrénées, is an excellent centre for excursions and especially peaceful in the early or late season when it remains uninvaded by day visitors from the coast, a mere 30 miles away. Special all-in arrangements for a week are available in September, including a most original programme of events.

St. Jean-Pied-de-Port lay on one of the major pilgrimage routes to Santiago de Compostela and there are many signs to tell you this. Churches built on this and other pilgrimage routes across the Pyrénées are a common feature of this region, along with the glorious scenery, the rushing trout-filled streams, and the highly individual character of the Basque people. In the next major valley complex to the east of St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, for example (to which it will one day be linked by a grandiose mountain route), there is a charming church at Ste. Engrâce where quite literally the road ends, though it is now being continued to reach the ski resort of Pierre-St.-Martin above Arette.

Ste. Engrâce is one of the places to be visited from the little village of Licq, near Tardets, well off the main tourist track, where you can enjoy utter peace, simple comforts (nevertheless including private bath) and the friendly family atmosphere of the Hotel des Touristes, a Logis de France. Licq, like St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, is a fine centre for excursions by jeep into the high mountains, and has a number of intriguing annual events, such as the Jeep Rally held on the first Sunday in August, a kayak rally at the end of April and international sheep dog trials (also in April). Still further east, Laruns and the charming rustic hotel l'Etable is yet another little-known centre for mountain peace, with the added sophistications of nearby téléphérique and cable car ascents to summits in the 6,000–8,000 ft. range for views that yield nothing in splendour to the Alps.

Above: A corner in Oloron in the Basses Pyrénées

Top: The view from the Hotel du Palais in Biarritz

Laruns is only 22 miles from Pau and you have now crossed from the Basque country into the quite different Béarn. All this area along with the rest of Aquitaine, of course, came under British rule for 300 years when Eleanor of Aquitaine married the future Henry II. But that was a long time ago. More recently, it was rediscovered by the British in the wake of Wellington and the echoes linger yet. Pau, queening it at the foot of the Pyrénées roughly 60 miles from the Basque coast and 200 from the Mediterranean, was one of its greatest strongholds. There is a British-built golf course, shops bear such names as " Old England," and it must be the only place in Southern Europe where the hounds meet in the balmy days of mid-winter.

Pau is ideally placed to escape the clouds which sometimes cling to the high summits of the Pyrénées while the view of them on clear days from Pau's Boulevard des Pyrénées presents one of Europe's most memorable city views. Pau was my first and last port of call in the Pyrénées, for I landed and departed from Tarbes, 25 miles away, by the weekly BUA Viscount service. It is an excellent centre. I can recommend the Continental Hotel from which to explore scenic marvels.

The highlights are many: Mauléon, overhung by its castle and where one of the few makers of hand-made espadrilles (rope sandals) continues his craft at 7 Avenue de Treville; Oloron, dozing marvellously at the confluence of two rivers with medieval sculptures of exceptional interest; Gourette, a developing ski resort, for the climb by cable car said to be the longest and highest in Europe; Artouste for another climb, this time by téléphérique with

The little church of Ste. Engrâce where the road ends beyond Licq in the Basque hinterland of the Basses-Pyrénées

magnificent peaks serrating the sky in every direction; nature reserves such as that of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau; gorges such as those of Kakouetta near Licq.

In the end, though, when the dates of churches and castles and the names of peaks have become confused by memory, there are the crisp, small cameos which remain: of youngsters practising their hand at pelota against the village *fronton* on an evening of pure gold; of a group of Basques in a café bursting, without premeditation and with complete harmony, into rousing and nostalgic song; of the glimpse of a peak, even more precious because it was caught between shifting veils of cloud.

One more memory stands out. Four miles inland from St. Jean-de-Luz, the pretty village of Ascain lies just off the main road (hotel Etchola recommended). Four miles farther you can find yourself on a little lane wandering through the hills that ring the commune of Sare, caught in a frontier bulge that goes quite deep into Spain. The Romans passed this way, so did Napoleon and Wellington; today, this is favourite country for smugglers. The farmhouses along the lane are widely scattered. You stop at one and find it is a shop, selling everything from Toledo steel to Spanish suede jackets, from Armagnac to fruit and vegetables. There is an exchange of pesetas.

" But when did we cross the frontier? " you ask. There are surprised glances. The road is in France, the shop is in Spain. The family attend church and school in Sare, but of course they are Spanish citizens. Boh! . . .

" Boh," clipped expressively short is very Basque. It means, " Ah well . . . that's that . . . and what does it matter anyway?" all rolled into one.

You sip your *anis* thoughtfully, watching the people and listening to the language which is neither French nor Spanish, but the same whichever side of the border you are.

Indeed, what *does* it matter?

For further information: French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1. *Means of access:* London (Gatwick)-Tarbes (Lourdes/Pau) by British United Airways, £30 10s tourist-class return. London-Pau, by rail/sea, approx. £21 2nd-class return, approx. £31 1st-class return. Reduced tourist fares are available in both classes for travellers staying at least five days before beginning the return journey.

AROUND THE GREEK ISLANDS

The popularity of cruising in the Greek Islands is such that even the addition of the new Typaldos Lines' ship m.v. *Mykonos* will not be sufficient to cope with the demand. Her master, Captain Stamoulis, told me that they could do with another sister ship right away.

The m.v. *Mykonos* is not really a new ship for it is an ex-corvette of 7,900 tons which has been completely gutted and reconstructed for cruising, carrying up to 180 passengers on a seven-day cruise of the Aegean Islands, with additional ports of call including Istanbul, Chanak Kale for Troy and Dekeli for Pergamum and Ephesus.

The cabins are very spacious, especially those on the promenade deck which have a bathroom attached. There is a big, comfortable lounge forward and a spacious air-conditioned dining room aft, below what is termed a night-club but what is really a dance lounge. The deck space available to passengers is more than ample with a swimming pool on the boat deck. The food is really excellent with a great number of courses at both lunch and dinner, international for the most part with a dash of Greek cuisine to liven up the menus. The service at table is both speedy and attentive, no meal taking more than three-quarters-of-an-hour. A fair selection of Greek wines is to be found on the somewhat limited list at reasonable prices, although those in the bar are not quite so attractive as they should have been. A full breakfast is served which normally doesn't seem necessary with two magnificent repasts ahead but somehow or other the energy required for the various shore excursions and the sea air never leaves you without an appetite.

The shore excursions are very well organised. Launches take you ashore at the first calls at Delos and Mykonos. While at Chanak Kale coaches wait on the quayside to take you to Troy. Arriving at Istanbul in the twilight is an exciting moment and the day spent there is sufficient to cover most of the sights. The ship then cruises down the Asia Minor coast to Dekeli where there is an optional excursion to Pergamum and Ephesus, passengers rejoining the ship at Kusadasi. One touching moment on this trip is the visit to the tiny chapel built on the little house where, local tradition has it, the Virgin Mary died.

A day in Rhodes follows with a visit to Lindos, after which the ship sails through the night to Crete for a brief visit to Herakleion and Knossos. The last port of call is the surprising little island of Santorini where donkeys take passengers to the snow-white village perched on the top of a high cliff.

Next morning the m.v. *Mykonos* is back in Piraeus ready to take on a fresh load of passengers that night.

This cruise leaves Piraeus every Monday at 9 p.m. and returns to Piraeus on the following Monday at 7 a.m. Prices range, according to accommodation and incidentally all cabins are outside, from £38 to £137 for a two-bedded cabin with private bath on the Promenade Deck. It is possible, of course, to take a half-cruise, either by joining or leaving the ship at Istanbul. While many of the excursions are included in the price, there are a number of optional excursions for which an extra charge is made.

I found it a most exciting seven-day cruise, with a great variety of experiences, on a very happy, well-run ship. **W.D.C.C.**

COUNTRY STUDY ON HORSEBACK

440 **Modern Rural Rides** by George Winder: Hutchinson. 25s, is an account of a ride through the counties of Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire and Wiltshire on a friendly mare called Sally and of the effects—or some of them—which the author found as a result of the Agricultural Act of 1947. It is almost 130 years since William Cobbett published *his* famous *Rural Rides* and the author is following a great tradition of re-discovery in his own country. Mr Winder is himself a farmer and naturally one of his main interests has been in appraising the modern revolution in farming methods while observing how many of them date back even to the 18th century. His tour took him west from Crowborough to Salisbury, almost due north to Pewsey and east again through Andover, Godalming and Godstone back home. On his way he explored the quieter lanes and tracks and bypassed many towns. He spent some time re-tracing lost Roman roads and examining a forgotten battlefield of the Civil War. Mr Winder has written a book of tranquil charm and much good sense and he presents a fresh point of view. I think you may enjoy it as much as I have.

This Time Next Week by Leslie Thomas: Constable. 21s, is the autobiography of a man who claims to have been a happy orphan. From the age of 12 Mr Thomas lived for three years in the care of the Barnardo homes and this is his record of that period, written without self-pity and with a marvellous clarity of vision. Reforms exist even in charitable institutions and the author arrived at his first Home at a time when changes were being made. He shows the effect of some of these but his book is particularly valuable, even lovable, for its descriptions and anecdotes of the boys with whom he spent those formative years.

Rebels' Ride by Ethel Mannin: Hutchinson. 30s. This volume, sub-titled "The Revolt of the Individual," is not—the author insists—a catalogue of rebels through the ages but a consideration of the revolt of the individual as it has happened on specific occasions in different countries and at different times. Miss Mannin also examines the assertion of Ortega y Gasset that nowadays there are no longer protagonists, but only the chorus, and that the "mass crushes beneath it everything that is excellent, individual, qualified and select. Anybody who is not like everybody, who does not think like everybody runs the risk of being eliminated. . . ." The fact that the author takes issue with this opinion is illustrated clearly enough by, for instance, her chapters on political rebels such as Gandhi and on women as rebels, including Emma Goldman, George Sand and Sylvia Pankhurst among others. Her book is both thoughtful and provocative; it will also be a challenge of the kind at which this lively minded writer excels.

My Brother Bill by John Faulkner: Gollancz. 25s. William Faulkner died two years ago and his brother-biographer a few months ago, but by then he had completed this memoir, an affectionate reminiscence, and had left us a picture of this much-discussed writer as he was when at home. William Faulkner was a winner of the Nobel Prize, though he had to be persuaded to go to Sweden to collect it and he was the subject of interminable studies, analyses and college theses. These, of course, were concerned with his writing style or his writing content. What John Faulkner has shown us is the man who was behind those strange, involved and powerful novels which won him so high a reputation. He was in many ways an original: a man who drank hard, loved his own county in a southern state and invented its fictional counterpart, the Yoknapatawpha County of his books which he peopled with his own extraordinary personages. This book is a loving tribute to the boy that he had been as well as to the famous man that he became.

You are Not the Target by Laura Huxley: Heinemann. 25s, is described as a practical manual of how to cope with a world of bewildering change and uncertainty, including 30 recipes to help you. It is a puzzling book, perhaps more attuned to American thinking and to American enthusiasms for new philosophies than to our own. In her recipes Mrs Huxley writes in practical terms of some remedies for nervous or frustrated conditions which might not, at first glance, appear to be so easy to achieve. She suggests, for instance, buying what she describes as a tether ball and punching it when you have a particular irritation. She also recommends putting your feet in a bucket of hot water while plunging your face into a bowl of water and ice cubes, at the same time bubbling your irritation away under the surface. Some of the recipes and some of the philosophical tenets are more abstruse. I think that the best thing I can do is to recommend this book for individual judgment. It is not likely to strike any two people in the same way.

Smoke Island by Antony Trew: Collins. 18s, is primarily a novel of adventure concerning a group of oddly assorted men and women who survive an aeroplane crash to take to a rubber dinghy in the Indian Ocean and eventually reach a small island. The nine include an African member of parliament, a Transvaal farmer, a sour

MUSSOLINI: THE MAN

Mussolini: Study of a Demagogue by Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick: Odhams. 45s.

Germans Against Hitler by Terence Prittie: Hutchinson. 30s.

Generals at War by Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand: Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.

Convoy Escort Commander by Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Gretton: Cassell. 30s.

Nice to Have You Aboard by Captain Harold Hopkins, R.N.: Allen and Unwin. 28s.

Armageddon 1918 by Cyril Falls: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 27s 6d.

Return to Salonika by Charles Packer: Cassell. 25s.

The various judgments passed on Benito Mussolini have for the most part been coloured by fierce partiality. Benedetto Croce, the philosopher and maybe the foremost intellect of his age in Italy, wrote of him that historians would surely set themselves to discover in the man signs of generosity and genius. They would do so in vain, he said, because he was in reality limited in intelligence, deficient in moral sensibility, ignorant because of his lack of understanding of human relationships, incapable of self criticism or scruple, excessively vain and always oscillating between arrogance and servility. How far is this cruel verdict justified by the facts? Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, in this last major work before his death, tries to show us another Mussolini, a man at any rate of a quality capable of retaining a hold for nearly a quarter of a century upon a people as realistic and intelligent as the Italians, a man of strange contradictions, a tortured soul indeed, of many manifest defects. He does not overlook these defects or the damage that Mussolini did in his time; but *Mussolini: Study of a Demagogue* is a fine attempt at a fair appraisal of the man and his background, stemming from Sir Ivone's years of contact with Italy and with the Italian people. He served at one time both in the embassy to the Quirinal and in the legation to the Holy See, and in compiling this biography spoke to many men and women who knew Mussolini personally and knew something of that puzzling character which so greatly intrigued his own generation.

If Terence Prittie's *Germans Against Hitler* had been written by a German it would have been convenient to write it off as yet another book of German self-justification, and they have been legion since the war. Mr Prittie, diplomatic correspondent of the *Guardian* and experienced commentator on German affairs, at once commands attention for his facts and respect for his views. He shows that behind the extraordinary lack of German opposition to Hitler there were a few men and women who seriously sought to oppose Nazism and present an alternative to it. This book is a tribute to their heroism and their persistence. Time has winnowed the false resisters from the true, and those that emerge, like Tresckow and Stauffenberg, the Catholic priests Alfred Delp and Provost Lichtenberg, the Protestant bishops Wurm and Meiser, the Protestant pastor Paul Scheider, and the young idealists of the White Rose assume positively heroic proportions. These were people who, in Sir Philip Sidney's words, "shot at the mid-day sun." Their hope of success was next to nil; but at least they set the sights high when the rest of Germany was thinking all the other way, and even frightened to think at all.

Just at a moment when his old chief is thrusting resolutely into the headlines once again, Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand, who was Montgomery's Chief of Staff from Alamein to the end of the war, emerges with his very readable and aptly titled reminiscences, *Generals at War*. With one major exception the author writes with generosity about his colleagues of the battlefield, but it is clear that the Monty-Eisenhower controversy intrigues him and saddens him, and he sheds much light upon it. Both men he holds in very close regard, and de Guingand feels it imperative they should in the evening of their lives be reconciled. "I would like to think indeed that this might be an extra-mural effort of mine," he says. So much for de Guingand the peacemaker. But this brilliant Chief of Staff is himself not averse to joining issue, as witness the massive right hook he takes at the reputation of Wavell, in his view a grossly overestimated commander.

Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Gretton, who fought with such distinction in the Atlantic convoys of World War II, and Captain Harold Hopkins, R.N., who was Royal Naval Liaison Officer to

Englishman from Kenya, a confidence man, a London clerk and a wealthy industrialist. The women's contingent is made up of a young air hostess, a plain but hopeful female lecturer and a very beautiful Mauritian woman. Although they are together in survival there is no other link between them and a number of mutual antagonisms are soon apparent. Mr Trew has a genuine gift for suspense in his stories, and this one seems bound for the best-sellers' list. **Vernon Fane**

The Court at Windsor by Christopher Hibbert: Longmans Green. 35s. Christopher Hibbert was deservedly praised for his *Destruction of Lord Raglan*. He writes in lighter vein in his new book. His design is to amuse rather than to instruct and he has attempted neither a detailed history of the Castle nor definitive or balanced studies of the Sovereigns who occupied it from the Conquest to our own day. Drawing very generously indeed on the official biographies of the modern Sovereigns and relying largely on the exact information supplied by St. John Hope and Sir Owen Morshead on the Castle's history, he has woven a colourful tapestry of Court life at Windsor, selecting his material with the prime purpose of entertainment. He relies a good deal on the contemporary gossips and sometimes, it seems, makes a composite portrait of Greville and Creevey. Anyway, " Charles Creevey " is new to me—no doubt a slip. As all books on the more amusing quirks of the Royal Family are bound to be, Mr Hibbert's *The Court at Windsor* will be well-thumbed in the County Libraries and it will give a great deal of pleasure. Better still, he does not need to mention Tranby Croft. It is very well produced and illustrated. **John Gore**

Admiral Chester Nimitz in the Pacific, have written naval reminiscences strongly contrasting in style and content, both covering grim periods of the war, but both reflecting warm humanity and humour. Admiral Gretton's *Convoy Escort Commander* is a first-hand account of the desperate ordeals and decisions that had to be made on Britain's Atlantic supply line at the height of the U-boat war. Captain Hopkins, a shrewd observer of the American fighting machine at sea, calls his story *Nice to Have You Aboard*, a tribute to American hospitality and friendship during 18 months with the US Pacific Fleet. Captain Hopkins has a rare eye for the incongruous, so had his Guamese cabin steward who shrewdly dubbed him "Mr English Captain Marmalade," and for good measure passed the nickname on to Captain Hopkins' successor with the American fleet. After all he was bound to be right!

The spate of war books continues, with World War I getting an increasing share of the limelight as it passes into a bolder perspective. Cyril Falls' *Armageddon 1918* recalls Allenby's final campaign in Palestine and the complete annihilation of the Turkish Army, not without some massive and decisive aid from the cavalry. Charles Packer's *Return to Salonika* is a reappraisal of that half-forgotten clash on the Macedonian front in 1915-18. Mr Packer shows the similarity between these and the Western Front battles, with the same ambitious strategy and the same catastrophic tactics, frontal attacks ever predominating. **Richard Edmonds**

DÜRER AND DONIZETTI

Above: The arrest of Christ from Dürer's woodcut (1510) is an illustration from *Dürer* by Michael Levey: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s. The German artist Dürer was one of the greatest figures of the Renaissance and this book emphasises the highly personal nature of his art. The 79 plates, many of them in colour, give an insight into the artist's skill. The text by Mr Levey, an assistant keeper at the National Gallery, is scholarly and penetrating

Left: Gaetano Donizetti the Italian composer as a student at Bologna in 1815, when he was aged 18. From the book *Donizetti* by Herbert Weinstock: Methuen. 50s, the first full-length biography in English of the composer of Don Pasquale and Lucia di Lammermoor. In all, Donizetti composed nearly 70 operas, and died in 1848 at the age of 51. Born into a poor artisan family in Bergamo he ended his days laden with decorations and honours. He was made a member of the Légion d'honneur and the Académie des Beaux-Arts

ROADS AND THE GOVERNMENT

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

442 Road construction has become one of the most highly mechanised forms of civil engineering and since the Government's programme of investment in roads began to be stepped up in the late '50's British contractors have been investing in, or arranging to use, more and more labour-saving equipment. So, at least, it seems to them. But to Mr Marples, the equipment they use does not seem ambitious enough. Hence his idea of bringing over further massive machines from the United States and lending them out to the industry for motorways.

Like many of Mr Marples' ideas, this one came from seeing what foreign competitors, particularly in the United States, are doing that Britain isn't. In the course of his last visit to Washington —taken up partly with arguments about the unilateral control that the American authorities are seeking to impose on British among other Transatlantic shipping—the Minister of Transport had some less controversial sessions with the departments responsible for America's enormous programme being undertaken for the construction of motor roads.

He was concerned, it appears, with the fact that though wages in the American construction industry, over the last five years, have been rising almost as much as those in Britain, they have been much more successful in controlling total costs than we have been here. Since the beginning of the '60's costs in American new road construction have risen hardly at all: there have been enough increases in efficiency to offset rises in labour costs and in some cases costs of materials as well.

Not so in Britain. Since the building of the M1, costs quoted for motorway construction here have risen by not much less than a third. This does not denote any loss of efficiency: but it does mean that rises in the costs that the contractors incur have been passed on without any abatement to the customer—who is eventually you and I—paying more than perhaps we need have done for new roads. Another effect is that as motorists we are getting perhaps a smaller mileage of motorway completed.

When Mr Marples asked the American officials and contractors how they had managed to hold costs so well, they offered him details of changes in cost in all the separable factors that affect operations. These figures are impressive, but not simple to interpret. But the Minister of Transport, as an expert civil engineer with much roadbuilding experience himself, seems to have been particularly struck by the American ability to go on saving labour in an industry where men seemed already to have been reduced to a minimum.

In particular, he was struck by a few exceptionally complex and costly items of road construction plant that he knew were not employed in Britain. One was a particularly massive piece of equipment used for compacting the foundations of large-scale motor roads. Another, and perhaps more impressive, was a machine called "a slip form paver," which lays a continuous concrete top surface significantly faster than any comparable machine here, with electronic controls constantly checking the accuracy of the results, both in lineup with the road edges and in smoothness of the concrete " carpet " surface. France, already, has one of these machines working. But in Britain neither contractors nor local authorities have anything comparable in size.

This is simply a matter of what the roads programme will bear. Civil engineers do not like investing in single-purpose equipment: when they do start using a machine that is good for one job and nothing else, they want to be assured of a firm programme of work ahead that will enable them to get all their initial investment back as well as a return on the money. And British engineers do not feel they have ever had firm enough long-term commitments for road-building for them to think of buying machines that may cost £70,000 apiece. The total programme may be firmer further ahead than it has ever been: but that does not ensure any one group of engineers of a really steady run of contracts.

Plant hire is one solution to this: but with highly expensive and specialised plant, this merely transfers the problem rather than solving it. The hiring firm, like the contractor himself, will want to write off expensive single-purpose plant over a very few years—effectively the run of a single motorway contract, perhaps. Indeed, hirers are even less likely than the contractor himself to invest in something thoroughly unconventional or beyond most individual contractors' means. Their job is to facilitate the financing of mechanised building, not to be the innovators in developing or introducing new techniques.

British road contractors, considering Mr Marples' latest initiative—he is sending a mission to the United States to study this equipment thoroughly—are sceptical about any panacea, and a little inclined to dispute the premises of his argument. As to the rise in costs here, they point out that since the first troubles on the M1, the Ministry of Transport has changed, and considerably tightened, its motorway specifications, which has built in something of a qualitative increase into the modern motorway, as distinct from the inflation of costs. They add that the first quotations for motorways, on which the Ministry is reckoning its cost increase has taken place, were perhaps unrealistically low: British contractors competed bitterly to secure the job, but hadn't at the time experience of how costs exceed tender estimates in this kind of road building.

Mr Marples, however, is not only Minister of Transport, but has behind him extremely successful experience as a civil engineering contractor. He admits that no single contractor could afford to take the risk of investing in road machines costing £70,000 apiece, and that conventional plant hirers probably wouldn't touch them either. But he feels that the continuing programme of motorway construction would justify investment in such plant nationally, and feels that if it cannot be arranged conventionally there ought to be some national way of doing it. If this means that the Ministry should invest in the equipment itself, as the basic customer, and offer contracts for roads, including the use of the new equipment, he has no doctrinaire objection to doing so.

Where the government is the only customer for anything, conventional trading procedures may anyway become beside the point. The chequered history of the aircraft industry's relations with the government, and at a lower level the dilemmas we have seen emerging for heavy electrical plant makers and the Central Electricity Board, illustrate this. Roads are more mundane, though it is worth remembering that a really sustained effort of major road construction is a much more recent development in the economy than the ploughing of hundreds of millions of pounds into aircraft, missiles, and nuclear reactors. Nevertheless, public demand on any Minister of Transport for drive in motorway construction will increase, not abate. So unconventional solutions of the kind Mr Marples so often comes up with may be in order.

Good progress is being maintained on the laying of the concrete carriageways of the 3¾ mile long Witham by-pass on the A12 by an ABG concrete train. This is one of a number of new methods being used in building the A12 trunk road. The contractors are W. and C. French, Ltd., and the by-pass has been designed by Essex County Council, County Surveyor H. J. Berry, as agents for the Ministry of Transport

The two reactor buildings at the 500 MW power station at Hinkley Point, Somerset. The storage tanks in the foreground contain the circulatory coolant gas. More pictures overleaf

POWER FROM HINKLEY

POWER FROM HINKLEY *continued from page 443*

WATER COLOURS BY ALAN SORRELL

Two of a series of water colour impressions of the world's first 500,000 k nuclear power station at Hinkley Point, Somerset, painted by Ala Sorrell. Above is a section of the Central Control Room nearly com pleted. The picture on the right shows the No. 1 Reactor pile cap in centr foreground. Here the final tests are made by the hole preparation machin the rocket-shaped structure in the centre. To the left the fuel loade made of steel framework, stands by to load. The series of paintings wa commissioned by the English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, Tayl Woodrow atomic power group, the consortium responsible for desig ing and building the station for the Central Electricity Generating Boar

Hinkley Point, a twin reactor station using natural uranium fuel, gas-cooled and graphite-moderated. Power operation is scheduled f the winter of 1964-65 and the initial chain reaction of the No. 1 react started in the middle of last month. The fuel loading and commissionin programme will continue throughout the summer until the react reaches full power operation to meet the winter load demand.

NEW HOUSES IN TONE

The village of Streatley in Berkshire has been the subject of an experiment by Mr Peter Grosscurth, Chairman of the Belmont Finance Corporation. In an age when much of the character of Britain's countryside is being destroyed, he has built modern period houses which blend with the original village. Streatley is ten miles from Reading and within commuting range of London, even before the new motorway is complete. Mr Grosscurth believes that it is possible to develop, even on a large scale, without detriment to the natural beauty of the area. His plan was based on three separate but harmonising schemes. Matching bricks, tiles and facings were used throughout.

At the top of the village three new buildings have been integrated with stables and a low wooden cottage. The whole surrounds a small green. Almost at the village centre facing the picturesque Bull Inn is a line of Georgian-type terrace houses. They are fronted by a communal lawn with small private terraces at the back. The garages are in a separate block. Lying just off the main road to Wantage is a group of more conventional houses, each with a garage and small lawn. The interiors of the Streatley houses follow a similar pattern—all have three bedrooms, bathroom, well-designed kitchen, a large living room, gas central heating and a garage. They cost between £4,400 and £4,700 on a 99-year lease. Streatley is by no means Mr Grosscurth's only housing development in Berkshire. He is building a number of estates of two-bedroomed houses designed for young married couples or retired people. Including garage they are to cost from £2,500.

Above: At Streatley in Berkshire new houses have been built to blend with the old. Here one of the original village cottages is flanked by two modern period houses
Left: A view of the rear of the old cottage (in the centre) and adjacent new houses
Above right: An interior of a Georgian-type house—looking through the kitchen door and the hall to the front entrance
Right: The large through-living room of the Georgian-type house with the french windows opening on to the terrace at the rear
Below left: The row of three-bedroomed architect designed town houses at Streatley
Below: A terrace of new Georgian-type houses on the Reading to Oxford road

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

MILLIONS IN THE MOTOR INDUSTRY

by The Sphere City Correspondent

The proposed Chrysler-Rootes deal may effectively ensure the future of Rootes, and thus remove one of the major question marks from the motor industry scene. It now seems a good idea to stand back and take a long, hard look at the future for the car-makers. And some broker friends of mine have been doing an elaborate series of calculations which, even on the most conservative view, seem to bode extremely well for Coventry, Luton, Dagenham and all the one-in-ten of Britain's working population who depend directly on their continued good health.

The first fundamental point they make is that car ownership has now progressed so far down the income scale that any marginal improvement in economic circumstances is likely to bring in a very large number of first-time purchasers. Specifically, in 1962 there were 5,630,000 incomes of above £1,000 a year before tax, and 6,557,000 cars in circulation, so that ownership had already started to penetrate the under-£1,000 market. Now this is of course vast—there are 4,520,000 people earning between £800 and £1,000. And every improvement of 10s a week in incomes would bring something like 500,000 of them into the ranks of the owner-drivers. As incomes, especially at the lower end of the scale, are likely to improve quite handsomely; and as also there is now a very substantial stock of good, cheap second-hand cars on the market, suitable for the all-important first plunge, there is likely to be a very considerable upsurge in sales (however undesirable this looks, with the present state of the roads).

The second point concerns the recently much-improved competitive performance of the British industry. We are so used to taking second place—to German engineering, Italian design, Japanese costs, American salesmanship—that a lot of people (including investors) have not noticed how rapidly we have been catching up and even passing our much-vaunted overseas competitors. The ill-effects of our first all-out postwar export drive—which gave us a richly deserved reputation for shoddy work, poor service and unsuitable design—have at last been overcome. And the advantages of cheap labour, technical cleverness and conscientious sales-service which once seemed to be sweeping everything the way of Volkswagen, Renault and Fiat, have now either been eroded, or have started to turn in our favour.

In particular, the immense, unique and too-easily-forgotten strength of the British motor-components industry is beginning to show itself, now that labour costs in Europe are rising to levels near our own. Bought-out parts and raw materials make up 60 per cent. of the cost of a car, and optimum efficiency in their production is of crucial importance. Productivity in motor-components has been advancing at the enormous rate of 15 per cent. a year—twice as fast as in car-assembly, where there are no slouches either—and firms like Lucas (in electrical parts), Automotive Products (brakes and clutches), Associated Engineering (pistons and piston rings) and several others can confidently claim to have no equal in Europe.

Over the next decade, to 1973, the best authorities forecast a doubling in the number of home registrations to a figure of 2·1 million a year; a near-doubling of exports to the Common Market (assuming some sort of economic liberalisation, even if we have not actually joined by then); rather bigger increases to the EFTA countries and the rest of the world; and fairly static or declining sales to USA and the Commonwealth. All told this would mean the manufacture of almost 3 million cars a year by 1973 (against an estimated 1·77 million this year), and profits to the industry just about double their present gross total.

British Motor Corporation, with its newly found design brilliance and zest for technical innovation, should be a major beneficiary, especially if the new management now coming up can improve performance in labour relations and quality control to match, and the share price, as I forecast in the spring, has come down. Leyland, now nearing completion of its digestion of Standard-Triumph, looks set for a cracking pace in the next few years—despite which the shares are well below peak.

On the components side, Lucas, with its immense experience in electrical production and design, and its ultra-conservative financial policy, looks an outstandingly attractive investment at present prices; similarly with Associated Engineering and Automotive Products in their own particular spheres. And Automotive has a particular attraction in the automatic transmission system for small cars which the company has in "an advanced stage of planning." If this came off—and the company's technical record is excellent—it could be a development of major importance, both to the firm and the industry.

Less known, but dominant in their own field, Armstrong Equipment are hydraulic specialists, with good prospects as these techniques are increasingly widely applied; and as a speculation, Pressed Steel, with its recent unhappy record, should benefit very substantially from the Chrysler-Rootes deal. As main body supplier for the Hillman Imp, it is almost as deeply committed to the success of that car as Rootes itself. Given an assured future for Linwood, and the cutting out of the recent losses in non-car activities like refrigerators, the shares are an outstanding recovery situation.

On the Road

	Price	Yield %	Times Covered
BMC	14s 9d	6·8	1·4
Leyland	106s	4·2	1·7
Lucas	69s	4·3	2·7
Associated Engineering	12s 6d	5·2	1·2
Automotive Prod.	79s	2·5	6·0
Armstrong Equip.	6s 9d	5·3	1·3
Pressed Steel	16s	6·2	0·8

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

The outstanding vintage of 1961 had a special significance for Château Rausan-Ségla, for that year marks the 300th anniversary of its existence. To celebrate this important milestone the owners have introduced a special bottle of slightly different shape and with the name of the château and the two dates embossed in the glass. There is also a commemorative label, which has been specially designed for this vintage. The precious wine has been bottled at the château in the late autumn and some of it has now been shipped to this country.

This château has an interesting history. The celebrated wine merchant of Bordeaux, Pierre des Mesures Rausan, gave his name to the vineyard—one of the best in the commune of Margaux—in 1661. At the time he was also responsible for the wine production of Château Margaux and Château Latour. At first there was only one Château Rausan, and it was about the time of the French Revolution that the property was divided into two parts. One belonged to the heirs of the Baronne de Ségla, a descendant of Rausan, the other became the property of a parliamentary deputy named Gassis.

Rausan-Ségla remained in the hands of the same family until 1866; some time later it passed into the hands of the Cruse family, and was sold by Christian Cruse in 1954. Since 1961 it has been owned by Holt Frères et Fils, a company controlled by the John Holt Wine Group of Liverpool. This château has always enjoyed a very high reputation for its wine, and when the great classification of the Médoc was made in 1855, a " roll of honour " based on the consistent qualities of the produce of each château, backed by the prices obtained in the trade year after year, Rausan-Ségla was placed second among the second growths. There are only four first growths, and among the second ones Rausan-Ségla is only preceded by Mouton Rotschild (whose owners have always regarded themselves as equal with the first growths). Of the vineyards in the commune of Margaux, Rausan-Ségla ranks immediately below Château Margaux, one of the four first growths. Some of the vineyards of these two properties are in fact next to each other. Rausan-Ségla is not one of the large producers of the Médoc; its annual output is less than half of that of Ch. Margaux.

The 1961 vintage was a very small one in the whole region, and consequently the quantity of wine produced at Rausan-Ségla, all of which has been bottled at the château, is extremely limited. The quality on the other hand is almost staggering, and said to be only comparable to the other " great " vintages of the century, 1928, 1929 and 1945. It is the ideal, perfect wine of this vineyard, concentrating all its best classic characteristics. It has enormous colour, and the famous elegant Margaux nose, reminiscent of raspberries. While it is very full-bodied for its type, it is round and perfectly balanced. It has that noble austerity which is most admired by the true lovers and connoisseurs of claret. Naturally, it will go on improving tremendously, maturing over the years, and should be kept at least ten years, but will probably not reach its greatest heights until after 1975. Owing to the small vintage, prices of all the leading growths shot up to unprecedented heights for the 1961 vintage, and the Château Rausan-Ségla of this wonderful year cannot be expected to cost less than about 33-35 shillings a bottle in the retail trade now. Even at this price it will make an excellent investment for the future. Stocks are not likely to last very long because the quantity is so very small.

The next good year to be bottled will be the 1962, which promises very well. That vintage was much more prodigious, therefore the prices will be more modest, somewhere around 25s a bottle retail when it is shipped. There is still some 1959 to be found at a few merchants at varying prices, but such stocks as there are cannot last very long.

Unfortunately, the 1963 vintage was very disappointing and the wines made, although plentiful and just about drinkable, are not up to the high standard associated with the name of this château. The owners have wisely decided not to offer any 1963 vintage wine under the name of Château Rausan-Ségla.

Above: A section of the Taittinger cellars in Rheims in which 5 million bottles of champagne are stored. The chef de caves, M Roger Lenique, is a sworn appraiser of the Commission for the repression of frauds. The position of chef de caves has been in the Lenique family for eight generations

Left: Unloading empty sherry butts at the new Bentola Bodega from a bullock cart—still a traditional means of transport in Jerez de la Frontera

Right: A range of wines showing new labels and capsules specially designed for the Hertford Wine Company Ltd, a subsidiary of Trust Houses Ltd, by Caps Design Group Ltd.

Wiedersehen in Germany

YEAR OF FESTIVALS

This year Germany offers a wide choice of outstanding Operatic, theatrical, musical and folkloristic festivals, a short selection of which are mentioned here:

BERLIN FESTIVAL WEEKS

14th September to 4th October
Opera and Ballet by the 'Deutsche Oper', the New York City Ballet, the Hamburg State Opera and the Royal Opera Copenhagen. Symphony concerts. Art Exhibitions. Festival of Hit Songs.

BAYREUTH RICHARD WAGNER OPERA SEASON

18th July to 21st August
Staged by Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner with conductors Karl Boehm, Rudolf Kempe, Hans Knappertsbusch, Carlo Maria Giulini and Robert Heger.

HANNOVER-HERRENHAUSEN MUSIC AND THEATRE

30th May to 5th September
Plays by William Shakespeare and works by George Frederick Handel will be presented at Chateau Herrenhausen. Other highlights are the 18th Century Ballet with 200 dancers, in the famous baroque Gardens from 6th to 14th July. Orchestral and choral concerts as well as extensive illuminations complete the programme.

KOBLENZ OPERETTA FESTIVAL

4th July to 13th September
This year's festival at Koblenz has performances on a floating stage on the Rhine of Lehar's operetta 'The Merry Widow', daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Operatic, theatrical and musical performances will also be staged in the 'Blumenhof' and daily concerts given on the Rhine promenade.

MUNICH FESTIVAL WEEKS

17th July to 16th August
Performances in the National Theatre of works by Wagner, Mozart, Strauss, Handel and Egk; in the Cuvillies Theatre by Gluck, Stravinsky and Strauss.

LUDWIGSBURG CHATEAU FESTIVAL PLAYS

13th June to 27th September
The Stuttgart Chamber Music orchestra, the Festival Strings Lucerne, Juilliard String Quartet USA, Camerate Academica Salzburg. Plays by the Vienna Burgtheater. Lieder recitals by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. There will be two performances of Mozart's 'Entfuehrung aus dem Serail'.

Besides the above many other interesting festivals will be held in Germany.

GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION BUREAU

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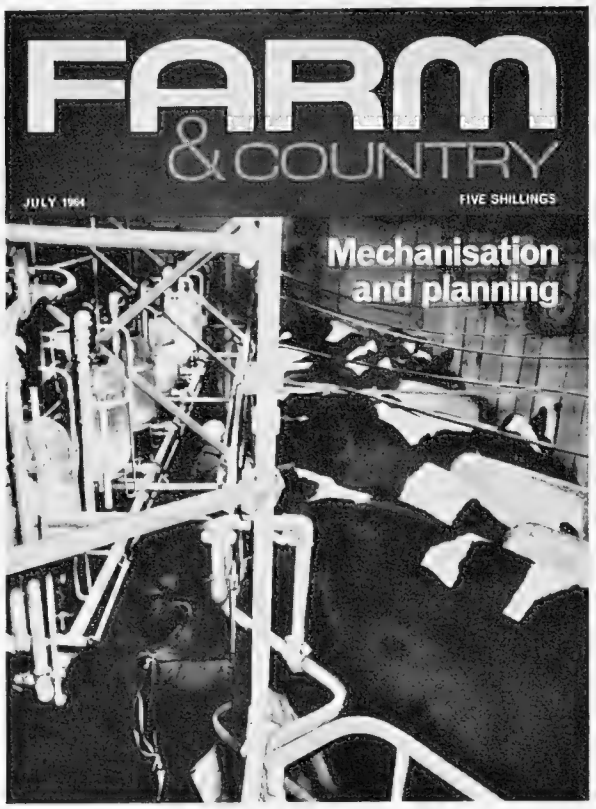

THE NEW

FARM & COUNTRY

Farm mechanisation is the main theme of the July issue, out 24 June. Its comprehensive survey of the latest machinery includes a review of demonstrations on grassland machinery, sugar beet machinery and fertiliser machinery. Other features are a preview of machinery exhibits at The Royal Show, and an exclusive series of pictures of the latest Russian farm machinery.

Among other important articles in the July issue are those on

MANAGEMENT AND WORK STUDY

and

A NEW APPROACH TO PLANNING

As with every feature in the new FARM & COUNTRY, these are written authoritatively, a principal reason why FARM & COUNTRY is today recognised as *the* journal for Britain's modern, progressive farmers.

The 96-page July issue will be available next Wednesday from all bookstalls and newsagents price 5/-. Be sure you take advantage of the *special subscription offer* on page 76 of the July issue. Ask your newsagent now to reserve the July

FARM & COUNTRY

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FOR THE FARMER WHO MEANS BUSINESS

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

It was a tribute to the enhanced and growing status of Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, and to its new president, Mr K. S. F. Corley, vice-chairman and managing director of Joseph Lucas (Electrical) Ltd., that the British Action Council, which is concerned to expand declining trade between Britain and Australia, chose Birmingham as the venue for its first conference. Under the influence of its progressive secretary, Mr Robert Booth, and a succession of outward-looking presidents, the Birmingham Chamber has more than maintained the importance it used to attain annually when it organised the "other half" of the British Industries Fair, and Mr Edward Du Cann, the Minister of State of the Board of Trade, who is widely tipped for higher honours should the political situation go right for his party, had some very complimentary things to say at the Conference both about the Chamber and its magnificent home in Edgbaston.

It is becoming less and less frequent that businessmen reach high honour in the cities of their upbringing. These days they find fresh fields to conquer early. But Mr Corley was born and bred in Birmingham, though his schooling was St. Bees, Cumberland. Joining the Lucas organisation in 1927 he quickly made his mark, travelled widely for it on export business, and was made a director in 1948. Knowing him, one suspects he will not rest until the Chamber is launched on a further programme of service to members, to the Chamber of Commerce movement and to the country at large.

At the same time he is not the man to take a narrow view of his responsibilities as President of the Chamber to the wider regional community within which it operates. He hopes to be able, during his year of office, to repay something of what he calls the debt he owes to his native city—and by coincidence he could not have been elected in a more propitious year for co-operation with civic power. The newly elected Lord Mayor, Alderman Frank Price, never ceases to tell the world of his pride in having been born and bred "a Brummie." He has launched a personal campaign to change the city's image in the wider world, and judging by his past performances that should mean that a good many people outside the city will find themselves astonished at what the alderman has to tell them.

Born in an Aston back street not quite 42 years ago, Frank Price was elected a Labour councillor when 26 and took over the important public works committee four years later. For six crucial years he guided it through the complex series of plans and negotiations which gave the great redevelopment of his city its major leap forward. Next, Frank Price took over one of the Cinderella committees, parks. But, characteristically, he brought a glass slipper with him. He inspired a whole series of new developments which put the parks on the city's map as they had not been since the palmy days of Victorian civic pride—a tulip festival, greatly expanded jazz jamborees, bonfire parties, a searchlight tattoo—and his crowning and enduring achievement (so far) will be the Midland Arts Centre for Young People, the unique million-pound scheme in Cannon Hill Park.

Frank Price's restless enthusiasm will assuredly make an impact far outside his city. The same is already true of another local son who has made good farther north at Stoke-on-Trent—though I am not sure if that is the precise form of words that would be chosen by Mr Kenneth Wild, joint managing director of Thomas C. Wild and Sons. Within the space of 48 hours it was announced that his company, one of the leading makers of bone china, bearing the well-known Royal Albert imprint, had been the target of a £4,100,000 bid by one of Britain's biggest pottery makers, the Lawley Group, and that he had been elected president of the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation.

Down to work

When I referred, a week or two ago, to the problems that Sir Edward Thompson would be likely to face if he became chairman of Redditch New Town Corporation (as he has) I did not expect them to emerge quite so quickly. Sir Edward is chairman of the Wolverhampton heavy engineering company, John Thompson, and the composition of the Corporation he will lead has been severely criticised by — among others — Councillor W. J. Stranz, chairman of the Redditch planning committee (who was, incidentally, nominated by the local authority for membership) because it does not include any member of the local council. Mr Stranz thinks the local authority has been very badly treated and claims Redditch must be one of the few new town corporations without a local councillor. The Ministry of Housing and Local Government's reply is that members are chosen not as representatives or nominees of particular authorities but because the Minister believes they would be good members. And the leader of the Conservative group on the Council has come out in support of the Minister's decision. Indeed, perhaps his comment at the meeting where the recriminations were made was the aptest of all: "Let's cut out the cackle."

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

SIX DAYS SHALT THOU LABOUR. Times have changed! A forty-hour week is becoming an accepted practice. Yet whether we labour five days or six, all are faced with the same problem, where can we spend weekends wholly relaxed from daily responsibilities?

This was the thought that ran through our minds one weekend in April when we spent a Saturday and Sunday night at the *Lochalsh Hotel,* Kyle of Lochalsh. Sunday morning dawned, the silence was profound. No trains, no post, no ferries, not a soul in the street as we took the air prior to our pre-luncheon aperitif in the restful hotel lounge.

Returning to London by car-sleeper train from Perth to Glasgow, we emerged from King's Cross in time to witness the morning cascade from the Underground and bus stops as the commuters poured out towards their respective vocations.

Six days shalt thou labour. It was a Tuesday morning. Four more full days' work, and on Friday evening or Saturday morning there would be the weekend exodus. But where? An eternal question that can only be answered by preference for sea or country, ease of approach, personal inclination and the state of one's personal exchequer.

How about the Sussex Downs? There's a varied range of hotels to choose from, varied opportunities for outdoor sport or recreation, sufficiently near to the coast to justify if the weather is fine, a sniff of the briny and entertainment.

Note for now or for some future occasion, the following, all in their respective spheres excellent recommendations for weekends or longer.

Alfriston.—London 60 miles, Seaford four miles, Brighton 17 miles. A Downland village where the Trust House *Star Inn* is one of the showpieces. For those who seek complete peace note *Deans Place Hotel* set in sweet scented grounds, just outside the village, an oasis of peace and contentment.

Arundel.—London 58 miles (good electric train service), Brighton 21 miles, Chichester 11 miles. There are still, in Britain, towns where the multiple shop and the chain store have not obliterated individuality. This Sussex town, so happily pitched on a spur of the South Downs, is a case in point. The Castle dominates the town, and the present Duke of Norfolk—premier peer and Earl Marshal of England—maintains a benevolent eye on his tenants fostering private enterprise. Take your choice according to your purse and inclination of the following: *The Bridge,* attractively furnished and, as in other members of the Catering Houses group, popular prices range, B. & B. from 25s. Tel.: 2242. *Norfolk Arms Hotel.* A once Georgian coaching inn, now the principal hotel of the town, furnished throughout most delightfully and restfully. Both restaurant and grill room meals with cuisine and cellar at top level. B. & B. 32s 6d to 50s (nine rooms with private bathrooms). Tel.: 2101.

Ashington.—London 48 miles, Horsham 11 miles, Worthing ten miles. *Mill House Hotel,* remote from traffic noise, a few hundred yards off the A24 Horsham/Worthing road. Only small, but so restful. Barely two miles from the foot of the South Downs. B. & B. 25s to 30s. Delicious home cooking. Tel.: 426.

Charlton.—London 58 miles, Chichester eight miles. *Woodstock House.* Again a small hotel, but all the better for that. Situated in a fold of the South Downs. An address well worth noting, for the terms are most reasonable, the service is good and home cooking well above average. B. & B. 22s 6d to 26s. Tel.: Singleton 666.

Goodwood.—London 59 miles, Chichester four miles. *Richmond Arms Hotel.* A sporting and opulent hotel where one can sleep in supremely comfortable surrounds and where both restaurants and bars are geared to appeal to a distinguished clientele. B. & B. from 35s. Tel.: Halnaker 361.

Hassocks.—London 45 miles, Brighton eight miles. *North Court Hotel.* How conveniently located for both places! Only three minutes' walk from Hassocks Station on the main London/Brighton line. The clientele is partly residential, partly transient. The latter may well increase with the Newhaven/Dieppe Car Ferry in operation. B. & B. from 22s 6d. Tel.: 3582.

Lewes.—London 51 miles, Brighton eight miles, Newhaven seven miles. *The White Hart.* There was considerable competition for this modernised 18th century Inn when it came up for auction recently. We are pleased to record it remains in good hands, for the directorate of the Empire Hotel group know their job and apart from big hotels, they own *Ye Olde Bull's Head* at Aylesbury and *The Bull* at Gerrards Cross. Tel.: 3794.

Midhurst.—London 51 miles, Chichester 12 miles. *Spread Eagle Hotel.* Its age?—*Circa* AD 1430. Its furnishings and decor?—In keeping with modern standards of comfort. Its cuisine and cellar?—One of the best. Tel.: 9.

Pulborough.—London 46 miles, Arundel nine miles. *Chequers Hotel.* Although this 15th century house was burnt out in 1963 and is now being demolished, hotel standards are being maintained in the attractive period building across the road which once served as an annexe and actually is quieter and as charmingly furnished as the original hotel. B. & B. from 32s 6d to 42s 6d. Tel.: 2486.

Ringmer—London 51 miles, Glyndebourne one mile, Lewes three miles. *Ringmer Hotel.* Congratulations to the Phillips family who acquired this hotel in 1961. Only ten bedrooms, but four with private bathrooms and they are delightful at any time of the year for central heating and electric blankets are standard. Food and cellar well above average, hence it is a Rosette hotel. B. & B. from 35s. Tel.: Ringmer 348.

Storrington.—London 46 miles, Storrington two miles, Worthing 11 miles. *Abingworth Hall Hotel.* On the Storrington/Coolham road, in the parish of Thakeham. This is a lovely weekend or longer holiday retreat for country-lovers. One's daily vista is that landmark of the South Downs—Chanctonbury Ring—and for anyone with a car, the possibilities are many. For weekend golfers, the West Sussex 18-hole course at West Chiltington is but four miles. B. & B. 25s to 30s. Tel.: West Chiltington 2257.

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SALCOMBE, South Devon. **TIDES REACH HOTEL**
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PARKING POLICY

452 It is not surprising that the cost of meter parking is going up. Mr Ernest Marples has made no secret of the fact that the Government intends gradually to squeeze the long-term parker off the streets and into the multi-storey parks that are being built all too slowly.

The Minister has reiterated his intention not to interfere with local authorities and private firms in the matter of off-street parking charges. "These charges must be economic," he told me the other day. "I doubt if Government money will ever be available to subsidise off-street parking."

While no reasonably minded motorist will be surprised by this policy declaration I think we would all like to see Mr Marples doing more at least to *encourage* local authorities on the outskirts of big cities to provide more off-street parking as an inducement to commute by rail and so help ease road traffic congestion.

Mr Marples told me that since meters were introduced in London in 1958 more than 7,500 additional off-street parking spaces have been provided in the central area by local authorities and private enterprise. The total at the end of 1963 was 22,500 places (almost double the number of meters). "Of this total, 2,400 spaces are, on the average, unoccupied every day" said the Minister.

I bet there will be more empty spaces when, towards the end of 1964 or early in the New Year, the cost of parking at 3,700 meters in the West End goes up from 6d to 2s an hour; and to 1s an hour at 2,500 other meters, mainly in the City and in Holborn. The excess charge of 10s will remain, but it will extend the permitted parking time for a shorter period. For the two-bob-an-hour meters the yellow ticket covers 30 minutes instead of two hours.

Brands Hatch improvements

Motor racing fans who went to Brands Hatch to see the international six-hours race for saloon cars—won in handsome style by a Ford Lotus-Cortina driven by Sir John Whitmore and Peter Procter—saw something of the big improvements which are being made to this attractive Kent circuit and which will be complete by the time the British and European Grand Prix is held there on July 11.

In a three-year programme £100,000 is being spent to build eight new grandstands to increase the circuit's covered seating capacity to 12,400; and to provide parking facilities for 35,000 cars; a building alongside the main grandstand (to be known as the Grovewood Suite) where important guests can be entertained in style; 1½ miles of internal roadways; a helicopter landing area; ten new entrances and exits; many new toilet blocks with proper plumbing; an electronic timing tower incorporating a huge stop-watch dial, and a large number of strategically sited bars.

From some of the new grandstands fans will be able to see more of the racing than on any other Grand Prix circuit in Europe; for much of the 2·65-mile track (the old part in fact) winds in front of and behind the pits in a huge figure-of-eight. The new bars are being given attractive names like Pilgrim's Inn and Druid's Inn. (The latter is actually on the site of a druids' circle.)

Elaborate precautions are being taken to minimise traffic congestion, on July 11, on the roads leading to Brands Hatch, where the 80-lap Grand Prix, counting towards the world championship, will be organised by the RAC and sponsored by the *Daily Mail*.

Renault's success

Renault, France's Government-owned car firm run on the most efficient private-enterprise lines (as its record of success might suggest) tell me that the 50,000th Renault car to pass through Southampton since they opened their UK Import Centre in 1959, reached the British market recently. The Centre contains the first bonded warehouse opened for the sole purpose of importing cars.

Through it have come 63 per cent. of all the Renaults sold in Britain since the war, the others having been built at Acton between 1949 and 1961 or brought in by air through Ferryfield Airport at Lydd, in Kent. Since early 1963 Renault have been using two

A Hillman Imp with double headlamps? Certainly! It's the Motolux conversion by the Moto Baldet group of garages at Northampton. For £599 (compared with £508 for the standard Imp) the Motolux offers, in addition to the twin headlamps, an instrument nacelle conversion (with rev-counter, competition-type speedometer and fuel and temperature gauges), improved bumpers and chromium grille

specially chartered drive-on, drive-off ships to bring cars for the British market over from Rouen, sixty miles up the Seine.

Each ship has a capacity of 350 cars, the trip from Rouen to Southampton takes only 10-12 hours and it needs only an hour to off-load a hundred cars. "We were the first manufacturer to adopt this method of importing vehicles," a Renault official told me. "The numerous advantages include freedom from damage and economies in freight charges."

Renaults are the second most popular foreign make on the British market. They come next to Volkswagen, some 20,000 of which were sold here last year. The French firm is not so frank with its sales figures and all I can say is that the 1963 total was 18 per cent. up on 1962 (when sales fell far short of their record imports in 1960). Their most popular model in the UK is the rear-engined R8, and the front-wheel-drive 4L (designed for efficiency rather than beauty of line) also does well.

Drinkers who drive

The official report on the Christmas road accident figures left no doubt that many fatalities were due to the fact that drivers and pedestrians involved had been drinking. Few were really drunk in the generally accepted sense of the word. Most of those who had been drinking would indignantly deny that they had had too much.

On the other hand it is going to be awfully difficult to fix an arbitrary limit to the amount of alcohol a motorist will be allowed to consume in a given period before he runs the risk of getting into trouble.

Some drivers can take a lot more drink than others, and we all know what varying effects alcohol can have on each and every one of us, according to how tired we are, whether we have had food and if we are in good or bad health. Yet I feel that eventually Britain will have to fall into line with those other countries where a limit *has* been prescribed and where drivers exceed it at their peril.

With the fixing of an arbitrary limit, as Mr Marples explained the other day, would come compulsory tests, probably with equipment like the US-designed Breathalyzer, which presents fewer problems than tests of blood or urine. The Minister, however, is hoping to postpone the need for this drastic step by means of a publicity campaign next autumn to persuade British motorists to develop a greater sense of responsibility where drinking and driving are concerned. To encourage this Mr Marples intends to drive home the fact (which he thinks is not yet fully appreciated) that the Road Traffic Act, 1962, made it a serious offence, with heavy penalties, for a motorist to have taken sufficient alcohol to *impair* his driving ability.

Compromise oil

I have just been discussing lubricating oil with a spokesman for Alexander Duckham Ltd., who agreed with me that most car owners are bemused and bewildered by the wide range of grades, brands and viscosities offered today by the oil companies.

In the unigrades we are offered a choice of SAE 20, 30, 40 and 50. Among the multigrades there are SAE 10W/30, 20W/30, 20W/40 and 30/40. All very confusing!

"I think it is inevitable," said the Duckham man, "to have some rationalisation in garage service bays to avoid the necessity to stock several different viscosity classifications. With this in mind we ourselves have decided to market a 'compromise' oil embodying the viscosity characteristics of the SAE 20W/50 range. It meets all normal requirements, including easy starting at the lowest winter temperatures envisaged for the UK plus the necessary 'body' to prevent high oil consumption irrespective of the age of an engine."

This multigrade oil is known as Q20/50 and it combines the anti-sludging properties which are so necessary with present-day traffic conditions.

Mobil, too, have announced a new line in engine oil. It is called Improved Mobiloil Special and here we are with those mystical symbols again! for it is an SAE 10W/30 product, costing 3d a pint more than the firm's former multi-grade oil: Mobiloil Special.

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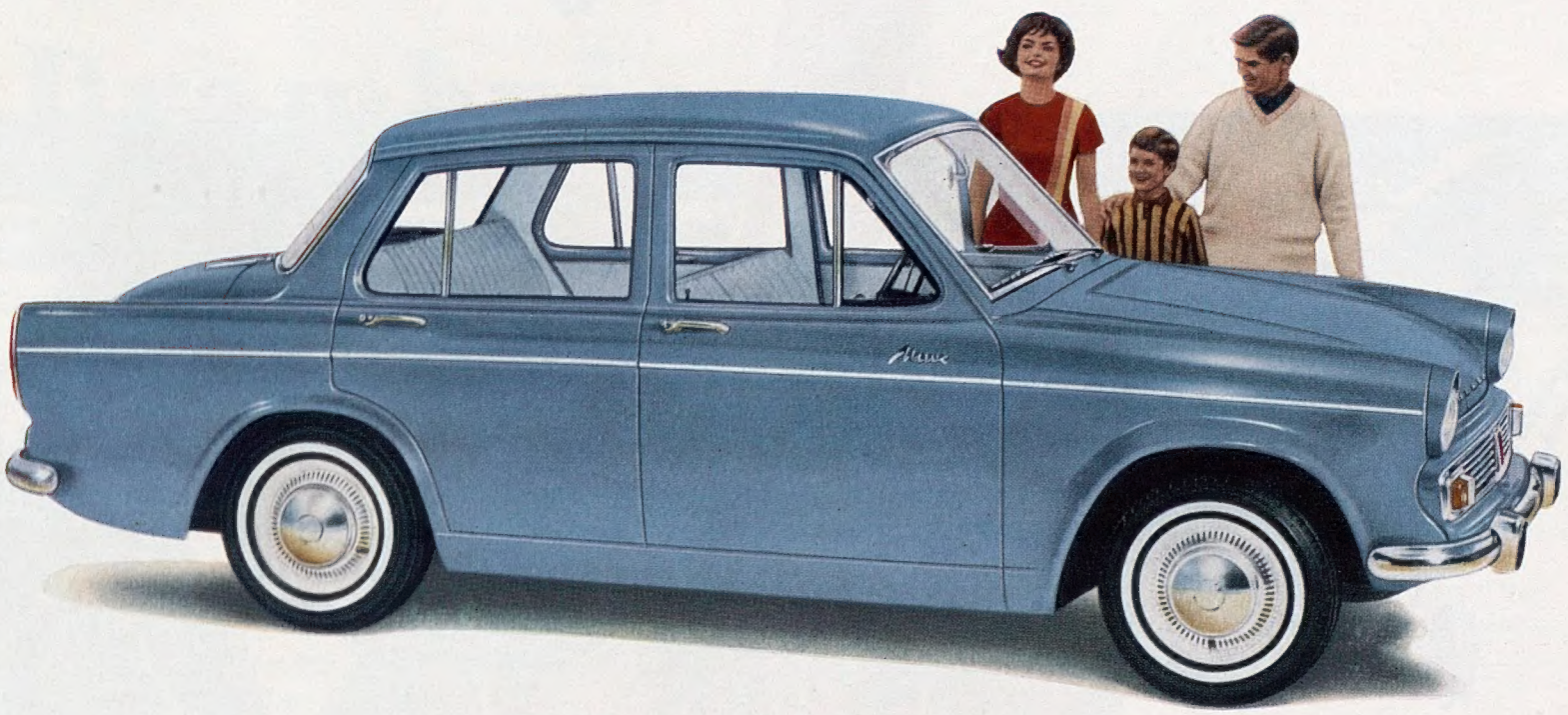

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